V.37

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND ★

May

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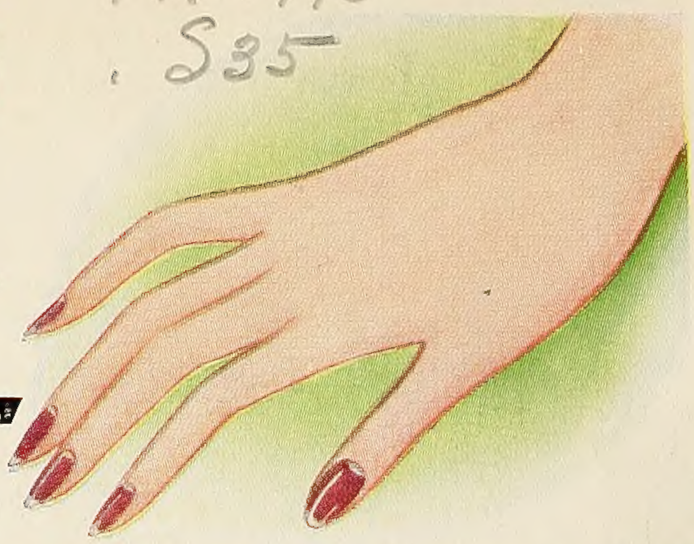
Deanna Durbin

A Date with Clark Gable

Don Ameche's Confession of Faith

PN 1993
.S35

TROPIC



NEW COAST-TO-COAST NAIL POLISH COLOR SENSATION



Joan Bennett, Charming Star of "I Met My Love Again," a Walter Wanger Production.



TROPIC playground of Hollywood stars—Hawaii's golden sands and flaming flowers inspired Glazo's new color success—TROPIC.

"I love it," says JOAN BENNETT

I'VE adopted this gorgeous new Glazo shade for my very own," exclaims Miss Bennett, known for her flawless taste as well as her beauty. "Tropic is the most exciting nail polish creation in years!"

TROPIC brings flattering warmth to every skin-tone—a subtle accent to smart spring costume colors. And, because it is Glazo's new Perfected Polish, TROPIC wears perfectly for days!

TROPIC is sweeping the country! Warm, provocative, glowing—it is the essence of spring—a prophecy of exciting new clothes, new places.

As Joan Bennett says: "Find out for yourself what fun it is to wear!"

Your approval of Glazo's shades will include not only Tropic, but also the new Congo, Spice and Cabaña. Vary them with fashion-approved Thistle, Suntan, Old Rose, Russet, Dahlia, Flame, Shell and Natural.

Lead Fashion—Wear **TROPIC** *Now*

Your favorite toilet goods counter—in every city and town from coast-to-coast—is featuring Glazo's latest color sensation. See how TROPIC adds new beauty to your hands and a new zest to your life!

For a perfect manicure, apply TROPIC after using Glazo Polish Remover and Cuticle Remover. Extra-large sizes at all drug counters, 25¢.

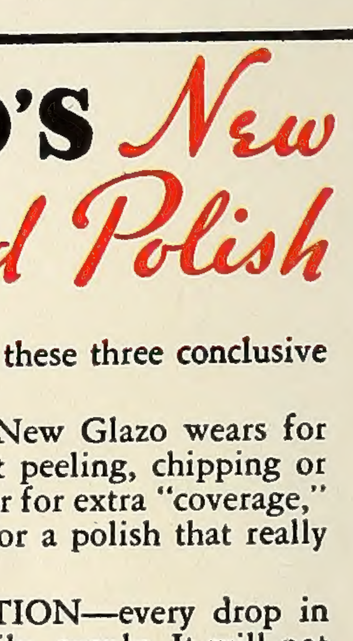
GLAZO

The Smart Manicure

GLAZO'S *New Perfected Polish*

New Glazo gives you these three conclusive points of superiority:

1. LONG WEAR—the New Glazo wears for days and days without peeling, chipping or fading! Slightly heavier for extra "coverage," it meets the demand for a polish that really *clings* to the nails!
2. EASE OF APPLICATION—every drop in the bottle goes on easily, evenly. It will not streak or run; dries quickly.
3. BRILLIANT LUSTRE—won't fade in sun or water.



Glazo's Perfected Polish gives all 3 points of excellence to these new shades:

TROPIC—*lovely with all spring costume colors.*
CONGO—*perfect for bright shades and prints.*
SPICE—*wear it with grey, pastels and all blues.*
CABAÑA—*gay with beige, yellow, green, black.*

. . . AND MEN CAN BE SUCH AWFUL GOSSIPS TOO!

Pat 8
4428
6167



Let's face the truth about UNDERARM PERSPIRATION ODOR

MEN DO TALK about girls behind their backs—although they won't admit it. Is a girl pretty, a good sport, a smooth dancer? The answer quickly goes the rounds!

They talk about other things, too. About the girls they hate to dance with—the girls they simply *won't* take out. For a girl must be *more* than pretty and smart. She'll never make a hit with men unless she is truly *sweet*—nice to be *near*.

Unpopularity often begins with the first hint of underarm odor. This is one fault that men can't stand—one fault they *can't* forgive. Yet any girl may offend this way, if she trusts her *bath alone* to keep her fresh!

Smart girls—popular girls—don't take chances! They know a bath only takes care of *past perspiration*—that they still need Mum, to prevent odor *to come*.

MUM LASTS ALL DAY! All day or all evening long, Mum's protection is *sure.*

MUM IS SAFE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration. Even after underarm shaving it never irritates the skin. And Mum is completely harmless to fabrics—safe to apply even *after* you're dressed.

MUM IS QUICK! One half minute is all it takes for a dab of Mum under each arm! To be a girl men *like* to have around, use Mum every day and after every bath.

FOR THIS IMPORTANT USE, TOO

Thousands of women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know Mum is so gentle, so sure! Don't risk embarrassment! Always use Mum!

HOURS AFTER YOUR BATH MUM STILL KEEPS YOU SWEET



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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APR -6 1938

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

May, 1938 Vol. XXXVII. No. 1

"Do It Again, Honey—Or I'll Pop You In The Nose!"

—Said Director Woody Van Dyke to Norma Shearer

And what did she say? The famed First Lady of the Cinema popped him in the nose and said: "Just to prove I'm not afraid of you, honey!"

That's just a sample of some of the gay, colorful, dramatic, intense, hilarious happenings on the set of "Marie Antoinette," Norma Shearer's "return" picture. Tyrone Power, John Barrymore, Reginald Gardiner are among the picturesque gentlemen appearing with Miss Shearer—but the most picturesque of all is "Woody" Van Dyke, Hollywood's frankest and most fearless director. Everyone stood off and watched on the first day of Norma's return to the studio —would there be fireworks? How would the star react to Director Van Dyke's devastatingly candid style? Well, there was the exchange of banter described above, hard work, lots of good will—you'll enjoy Ida Zeitlin's account of the making of this important picture, in the June issue of The Smart Screen Magazine.

The next issue will also present among other features a novel article called "The Hollywood Barometer," discussing the amazing fact that the movie-makers must be able to read the future, to predict social and economic trends, to say nothing of make-up and hair styles. How do they do it? You'll be interested in the answer. More frivolous, perhaps, but just as widely appealing is the feature, "Three Hollywood Glamor Girls Tell How They Got That Second Date"—crammed with useful advice to girls who would be popular, from girls who are among the most popular in the world. In fact, starting right off with the stunning fashion-wise cover of Bette Davis, the June issue of SCREENLAND, on sale May 6th, is as fresh and spontaneous as Spring itself.

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Cover Portrait of Deanna Durbin by Marland Stone

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They're yours..in a heart-walloping love story !

The King and Queen of the Screen, with the star of 'Captains Courageous', bring you love and adventure that will set your nerves a-tingling!



CLARK GABLE · MYRNA LOY
SPENCER TRACY

In VICTOR FLEMING'S *Production*

TEST PILOT

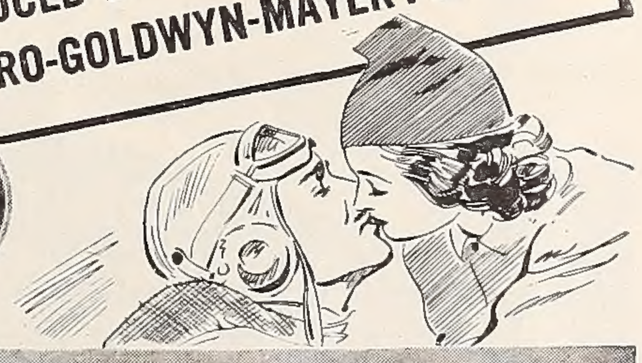
WITH **LIONEL BARRYMORE**

SCREEN PLAY BY VINCENT LAWRENCE AND WALDEMAR YOUNG
ORIGINAL STORY BY FRANK WEAD · PRODUCED BY LOUIS D. LIGHTON
DIRECTED BY VICTOR FLEMING · A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

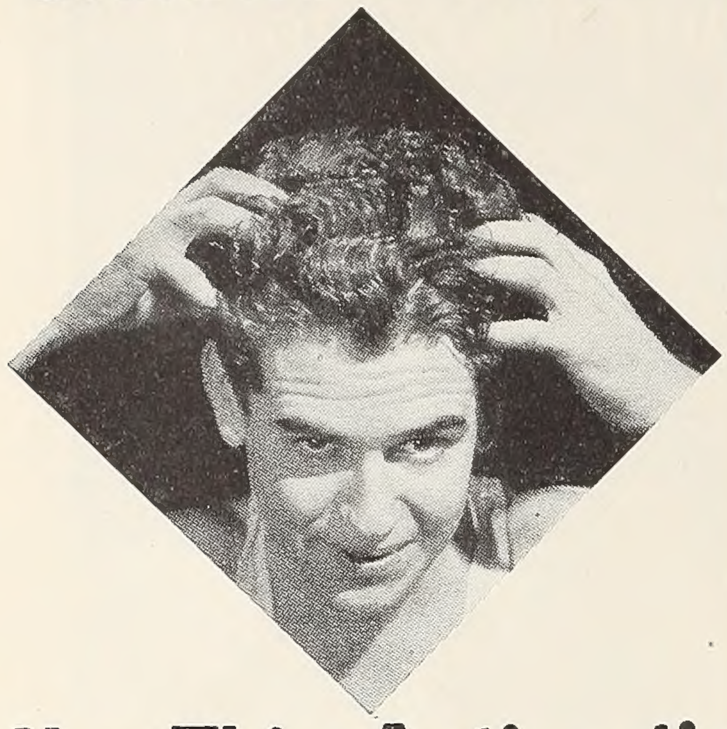


Laughter too . . . as Clark makes Spencer act as Myrna's stand-in! Spencer's willing but not able...if you get what we mean.





"DANDRUFF ITCH?"



Use This Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of the scalp to prevent dryness.

To Accomplish This Is Easy With The Zonite Antiseptic Treatment

Just add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin . . . Then do this:—

1. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. *(This gives hair and scalp an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp—kills all germs at contact.)*
2. Lather head with any good soap shampoo, using same Zonite solution. *(This cuts oil and grease in hair and scalp—loosens dirt and dandruff scales.)*
3. Rinse very thoroughly. *(Your head is now clean—your scalp free from scales.)*
4. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. *(This relieves dryness.)*

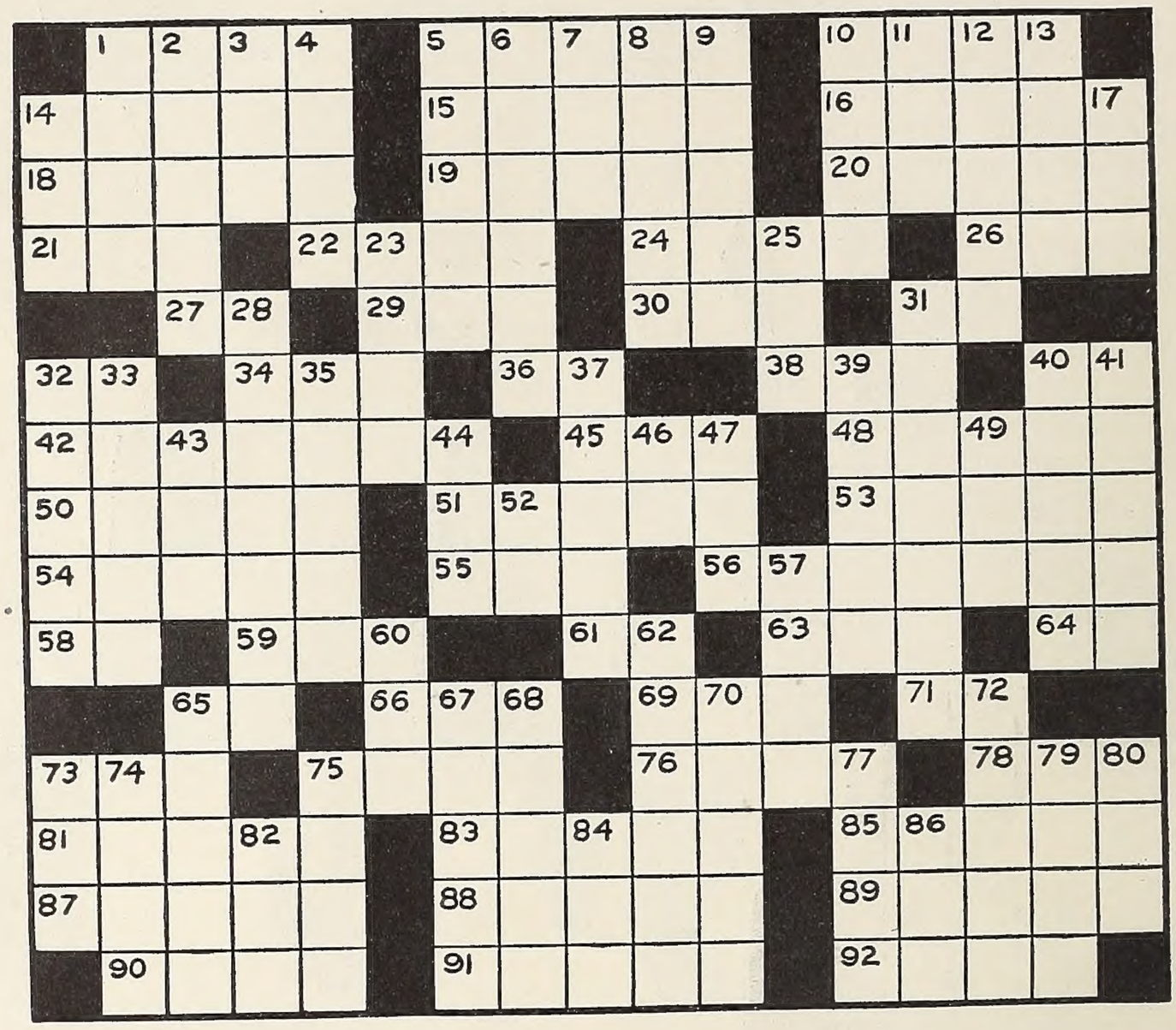
RESULTS: By using this simple antiseptic shampoo treatment regularly (twice every week at first) you do what skin specialists say is necessary, if you want to rid yourself of dandruff itch and nasty scalp odors. We believe that if you are faithful, you will be delighted with results.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 515 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.



SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



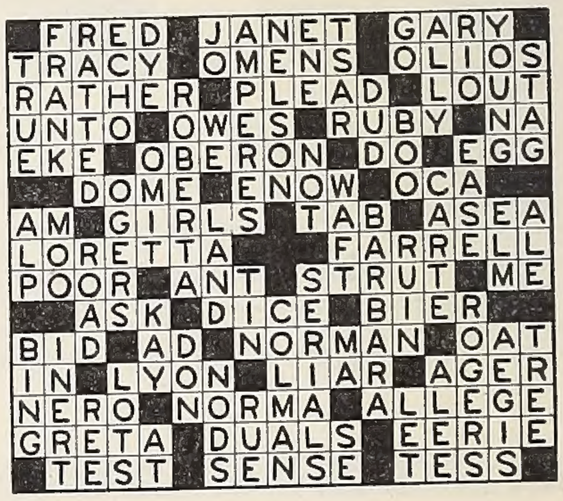
ACROSS

1. She's famous for slavery roles
5. Skating star of "Happy Landing"
10. He's featured in "Danger Patrol"
14. Co-star of "Knight Without Armor"
15. Negotiate
16. He's featured in "I'll Take Romance"
18. Star of "Sally, Irene and Mary"
19. Actor's representative
20. Depart
21. Small rug
22. Norse legend
24. English title
26. "The Bride Wore—", with Crawford
27. "A Day — The Races", with Marx brothers
29. What a star signs a contract with
30. Prefix meaning three
31. Myself
32. "Adventures — Tom Sawyer"
34. "Thin—", with Sonja Henie
36. True
38. Vegetable
40. Toward
42. She stars in "True Confession"
45. Cleaning implement
48. Wall painting
50. Smears
51. Where Tibbett, Pons, Swarthout became famous
53. To rub out
54. Ant
55. To pester
56. Co-star of "Second Honeymoon"
58. Eastern state (abbrev.)
59. He played in "Hollywood Hotel", just before he died
61. He's married to Ruby Keeler
63. A kind of whiskey
64. Printers' measure
65. "— Happened One Night"
66. "— Tide", with Frances Farmer
69. The United States (abbrev.)
71. "— Time to Marry", with Richard Arlen
73. Paddle
75. His most famous role is "Dracula"
76. A game played on horseback
78. To put down
81. Dismal
83. Moving about
85. Star of "I'll Take Romance"
87. Her new one is "The Joy Of Loving"
88. The father in "You're Only Young Once"
89. Paths
90. To darn
91. Nelson Eddy's voice is this
92. Finishes

DOWN

1. Famous Paul Muni role of 1937
2. The ingenue in "Tovarich"
3. Pouch or cyst
4. Indians of a certain tribe
5. "— Door", a Rogers Hepburn film
6. Musical instruments
7. Born
8. Co-star of "A Star Is Born"
9. Rose petal oil
10. Cowboy star husband of Clara Bow
11. Before
12. Conscious of
13. "Merrily We —", a Constance Bennett film
14. An obstruction in water
17. He's featured in "Hawaii Calls"
23. Mimic
25. To tear
28. He's famous in opera, radio, and movies
31. She's co-star of "A Yank At Oxford"
32. Old times (poetic)
33. Covered with foam
35. Social status
37. Last letter of Greek alphabet
39. He plays Captain Lockyer in "The Buccaneer"
40. One of the five senses
41. City in New York
43. Silent (slang)
44. Co-star of "Happy Landing"
46. Either
47. Chum
49. A rodent
52. Ma's husband
57. Spoken
60. Co-star of "Wells Fargo"
62. She was featured in "Artists and Models"
65. She was good in "The Awful Truth"
67. Explosion
68. To sew loosely
70. More tender
72. Charlie Chan
73. Not even
74. A flower (the wake-robin)
75. Raised
77. To look at flirtatiously
79. High playing cards
80. A yes-man's favorite word
82. Leading lady in "The Patient in Room 18"
84. Measure of weight
86. Hurried

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle





Mary Astor

APPEARING IN COLUMBIA'S

"THERE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN"

You, too, will look more attractive with Color Harmony Make-Up

"HAVE your powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony to accent the natural beauty of your type, then you'll have the real secret of make-up," is the advice of Hollywood's famous screen stars.

Whether you are blonde or brunette, brownette or redhead, there is a particular color harmony make-up for you, created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. It consists of harmonized shades of powder, rouge and lipstick that will actually do wonders in making you look more attractive, more beautiful.

So discover this make-up secret of the stars today...share the luxury of color harmony make-up now available at nominal prices. *Note coupon for special make-up test.*

★ *New! Max Factor's* INVISIBLE *Make-Up Foundation keeps your make-up smooth and lovely from morning till night.*

POWDER...

Max Factor's POWDER will enliven the beauty of your skin through the magic of color harmony shades. It creates a satin-smooth make-up that really stays on...$1.

ROUGE...

Max Factor's ROUGE in your color harmony shade will give you an appealing loveliness because the color is actually lifelike. Creamy-smooth, it blends easily...50¢.

LIPSTICK...

Max Factor's Super-Indelible LIPSTICK in your color harmony shade will dramatize your lips with an alluring color that will look lovely for hours and hours. It's moisture-proof, too...$1.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*.....FREE
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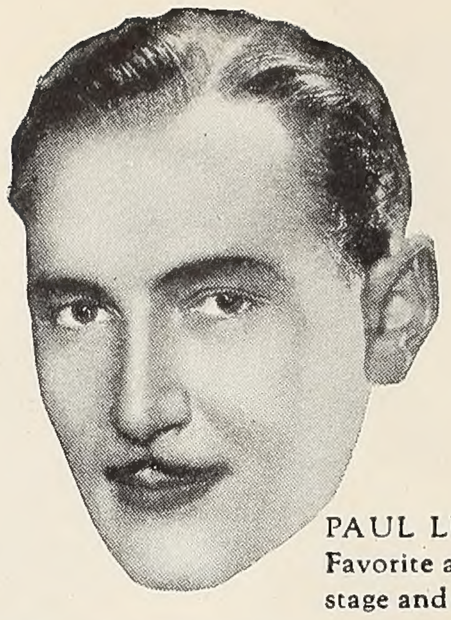
NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color) Light ☐ Dark ☐	
Olive ☐		
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

Paul Lukas lends a helping hand



PAUL LUKAS
Favorite actor of stage and screen.



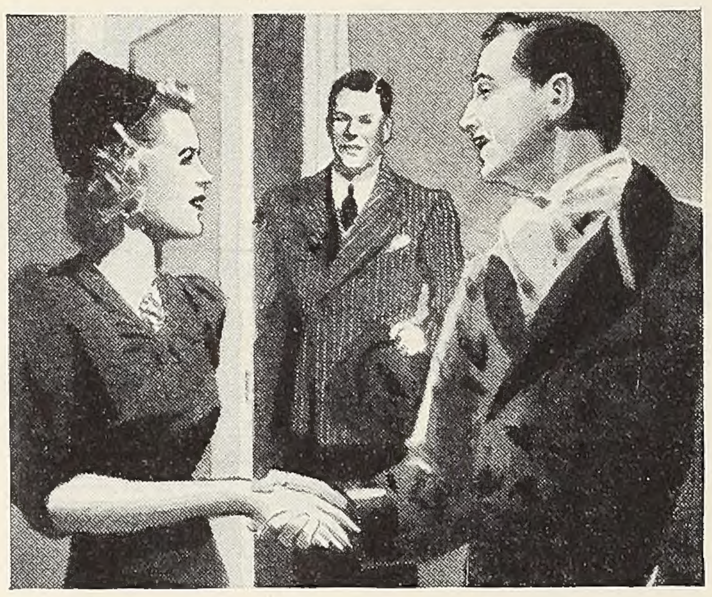
"AFTER A MATINÉE of my latest Broadway show, a friend brought his sister to my dressing room to see me . . .



"SHE WANTED TO BE an actress—was understudying the star in another play. She had talent, but . . ."



"GIRLS MUST LOOK their best to win success. Although pretty, her lips were rough and dry. When she asked my advice about her career . . .



"I TOLD HER that I thought she would benefit by using a special lipstick praised by many stage and screen beauties. Later she phoned me . . ."



HELLO, MR. LUKAS! LAST NIGHT I MADE A BIG HIT IN THE STAR'S ROLE! AND I GIVE CREDIT FOR MY PERFORMANCE TO THE KISSPROOF LIPSTICK YOU TOLD ME ABOUT. ITS BEAUTY-CREAM BASE KEEPS MY LIPS SOFT AND SMOOTH..GAVE ME CONFIDENCE BY MAKING ME LOOK MY BEST!

Kissproof Lipstick in 5 luscious shades at drug and dept. stores 50c
Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles—Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry). Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades, Generous trial sizes at all 10¢ stores.



Kissproof
Indelible LIPSTICK *and* ROUGE

SCENARIO BY PAUL LUKAS

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

Sally, Irene and Mary

20th Century-Fox



The story doesn't count anyway in this sort of eye and ear entertainment, so it's no matter that only the title bears resemblance to the stage play and later the film of the name. It's singing and romancing by Alice Faye and Tony Martin; humor by Fred Allen; added attractions by Jimmy Durante, Joan Davis, Marjorie Weaver, Louise Hovick and Gregory Ratoff that make it a generally pleasing musical show.

Of Human Hearts

M-G-M



Magnificently produced, this stark and brooding narrative holds interest more because of its seemingly authentic portrayal of life in a remote Ohio community just prior to and during the Civil War, than by the heart-interest dramatics of a story concerning a clergyman, his self-sacrificing wife and an ungrateful son; impressively played by Walter Huston, Beulah Bondi and James Stewart, respectively. Good.

No Time to Marry

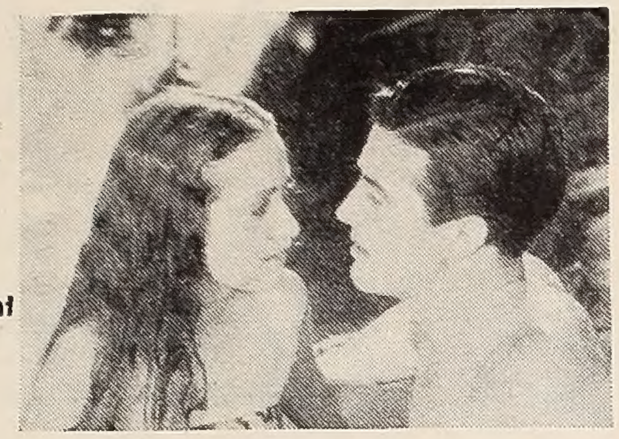
Columbia



Wedding bells seem doomed not to ring for Richard Arlen, reporter, and his bride-to-be, Mary Astor, also a reporter, because Dick is ordered to get two goats promised as an Xmas gift to his son by Dick's boss. Melodrama (a missing heiress, kidnappers in the background, etc.), enters to complicate matters. Lionel Stander does well as the news cameraman. The spirit to be gay is strong, but the material is weak.

Her Jungle Love

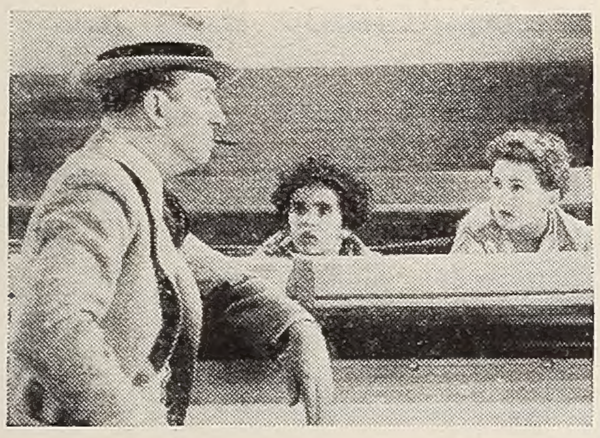
Paramount



A fantastic return trip to the South Seas after the "Hurricane." You find, and it's no mean treat, Dorothy Lamour, serenely alluring in her *sarong* amidst Technicolor surroundings, where Ray Milland discovers her when his plane crashes. You can well believe the natives think Dorothy a "goddess," even if the typical serial plot convinces you of nothing else. A weird play but an occasionally entertaining show.

Hawaii Calls

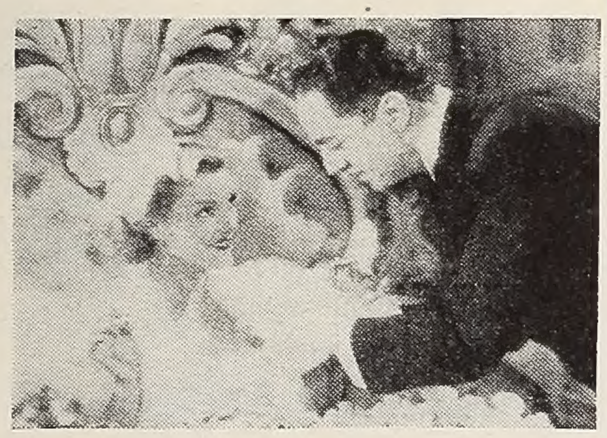
RKO-Radio



Certain to be a huge success with the younger section of the picture-going world, this is a vehicle for Bobby Breen and his vocal talents. It is a "boy" story, with Bobby and his pal, Pau Lani, as newsboys who stow away on a liner bound for Hawaii. Trying to escape "deportation" they are instrumental in the defeat of a plot to steal Navy defense plans. Ned Sparks adds the comedy. Songs, scenery, and action for you.

The Baroness and the Butler

20th Century-Fox



Worth while for William Powell's slick and sprightly portrayal of the butler who becomes a political power in his native Hungary on a platform opposed to that of his statesman-employer. The doings have a sophisticated air, but the appeal is wholly sentimental. Its most appreciative audiences will be the grownup ladies. Annabella, we regret to report, is unhappily cast as the baroness. Diverting much-ado-about nothing.

Bringing Up Baby

RKO-Radio



A five-ring fun circus, with Katharine Hepburn as a gorgeously goofy girl chasing the man she loves—Cary Grant, who does a grand job as the scholarly zoologist torn from his museum, and the girl he thought he'd marry until *Susan* decided otherwise. May Robson, Walter Catlett, and Charles Ruggles lend fine support. A baby leopard and Skippy the dog are swell. The gags, not new but good, come fast.



SCREENLAND Honor Page



To Tommy Kelly, deservedly a star in his very first picture, "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer"—embodiment of the best in wholesome boyhood

BY THIS time you must have read a good many stories about the discovery of Tommy Kelly, 12-year-old boy from the Bronx, New York, selected from several thousand other boys all over the country to play in the picturization of Mark Twain's classic. That isn't news any more—but what *is* news, good, exciting news, is that Tommy comes through! He justifies producer David Selznick's faith in him by giving a rarely radiant performance of the immortal *Tom*. Of course we credit director Norman Taurog for bringing out young Kelly's acting talents; but the boy himself rates the lion's share of applause and praise for his whole-souled naturalness, his keen intelligence, his unfailing eagerness to please. Tommy Kelly, we think, has won a definite place on the screen, right up there somewhere alongside Selznick's other discovery, Freddie Bartholomew.



Mark Twain would have liked Tommy Kelly in the rôle of *Tom Sawyer!* Left above, the boy himself. At top on our panel of pictures, Tommy with Ann Gillis, the delightful *Becky Thatcher* of the film. Next, the Kelly family salutes Director Taurog: mother and father Kelly, Tommy, and June, "baby sister"—all now in Hollywood. Left, hilarious interlude: David Holt as *Sid,* with Tommy in the classic scene of the white-washing of the fence.

NOW AT POPULAR PRICES!
DIRECT FROM ITS
$2.00 TWO-A-DAY
TRIUMPHS!

THE GREAT AMERICAN MOTION PICTURE!

The year's spectacular hit now comes to you! Old Chicago reborn in all its turbulent glory! The heart-warming, human drama of the magnificent O'Learys...loving tempestuously, hating fiercely . . . fighting valiantly! A family turned against itself by one kiss stolen from the lips of alluring Belle Fawcett! But when disaster overtakes the flaming city...once again it is "*the O'Learys against the world*"!



Twentieth Century-Fox presents
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
supreme achievement as a producer of distinguished entertainment.

IN OLD CHICAGO

with

TYRONE **POWER** · ALICE **FAYE** · DON **AMECHE**

ALICE **BRADY** · ANDY **DEVINE** · BRIAN **DONLEVY**

Phyllis BROOKS · Tom BROWN · Sidney BLACKMER
Berton CHURCHILL · June STOREY · Paul HURST

Directed by HENRY KING

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan · Screen play by Lamar Trotti and Sonya Levien · Based on a story by Niven Busch · Music & Lyrics by Gordon & Revel, Pollack & Mitchell

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Inside The Stars' Homes

Sparkling comedienne serves a sparkling Spring salad! Read all about Marie Wilson's ideas for entertaining with a sense of humor.

Come to Marie Wilson's Spring Luncheon, for food and fun!

By Betty Boone

TWO thousand fan letters a month have put Marie Wilson into second place in Warner Brothers Studio fan mail (first place held by Errol Flynn). But Marie's fans don't stop with letters; they send her gifts—flowers, trinkets, ornaments, things to wear, quilts, pets, and paintings. Her house on the hills of Hollywood is full of mementos from admirers who have seen her in pict res. Her mother complains (proudly) that a body can't step out of the front door without falling over a package for Marie.

"This little gold locket came yesterday," said Marie, touching a dainty circlet at her throat, "and the bunch of lantern flowers in that vase arrived this morning. These lovely wooden plates, salad bowl and servers were sent last week and I'm so thrilled! It's like having Christmas or birthdays all the time."

The house, which shelters not only Marie, but Marie's mother, stepfather, grandfather and two young brothers, is "Hollywood Spanish," with arched windows and heavy doors equipped with huge bolts and latches, a massive fireplace in the living room, complete with andirons, iron kettle on a swinging stand, great piles of wood, and the sort of substantial, comfortable furniture that can stand up under family wear.

"The nicest thing about it is the sky patio," bubbled Marie. "It hangs 'way up over Hollywood where we can see the lights at night, and get all the sunshine we want by day, and yet it's sheltered by the walls of the living room, breakfast room and the bedroom wing on three sides.

"We have a string of lights out there in case we want to play games or read at night, and we often drag the table out when the day is so grand we can't resist eating in the open."

Marie had her soft hair pulled back at each side and tied with ribbons, reminding me of little girls of yesterday, and accenting her eerie resemblance to the late Jean Harlow.



"I won a contest three years ago for the girl who looked most like Jean," confided my hostess. "I came up from Anaheim, California, to get the award—and do you know I made up my mind to get into pictures then? So I came and brought the whole family!

"I've cooked ever since I was able to manage an oven. My mother believed that every girl should know all there is to be known about housekeeping, so I was taught to do it all right. Other people may run a mop around the room but *we* had to get down and carefully wash in the corners. No picking up something and dusting under it and then picking up something else and flicking the duster there—*we* had to take everything off first, then dust, and then put things back! You can eat off Mother's floors any time!

"Today we're having a very simple luncheon—salad, soufflé, and fruit with little cakes.

"Let me tell you of a trick I just learned: When you have mixed your salad dressing and are almost ready to put it into your salad, you take a cube of ice and drop it

(*Please turn to page 81*)

Marie, left, ices her very special salad dressing. Below, she relaxes on the terrace of her hill-side home.



What a moment to lose S.A.

*[STOCKING APPEAL]



They couldn't help noticing Betty's great big RUN . . .

POOR BETTY! Just as she had captured the two most attractive men in the room, that awful run had to pop. It made her look so dowdy . . . killed S. A.*

Why not cut down runs . . . guard S. A. . . . with Lux? Lux saves the elasticity of stockings so the silk can *stretch* without snapping so easily — then spring back into shape. You cut down runs, avoid wrinkles, wobbly seams.

Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali weaken elasticity, rob you of S. A. Lux has no harmful alkali. Buy the *big* box for *extra* economy.

guards S.A.*



Even your best friend won't tell you

EDNA was simply crushed by Charlie's curt note barren of explanation. True, she and Charlie frequently had "lovers' spats," but these were not enough to warrant breaking their engagement. Disheartened and puzzled, she sought Louise, her best friend. Perhaps she'd offer some explanation. Louise could, too; could have related in a flash what the trouble was . . . but she *didn't;* the subject is so delicate that even your best friend won't tell you.

HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?

You may be guilty of halitosis (bad breath) this very moment and yet be unaware of it. That's the insidious thing about this offensive condition; you yourself never know when you have it, but others do and snub you unmercifully.

Don't run the risk of offending others needlessly. You can sweeten your breath by merely using Listerine Antiseptic, the remarkable deodorant with the delightful taste. Rinse the mouth with it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements.

As it cleanses the entire oral cavity, Listerine Antiseptic kills outright millions of odor-producing bacteria. At the same time it halts the fermentation of tiny food particles skipped by the tooth brush (a major cause of odors) then overcomes the odors themselves. Remember, when treating breath conditions you need a real deodorant that is also safe; ask for Listerine—*and see that you get it.*

If all men and women would take the delightful precaution of using Listerine, there would be fewer broken "dates" and waning friendships in the social world—fewer curt rebuffs in this world of business.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE

Checks Halitosis
(Bad Breath)



WHAT PUT PATTY IN THE MOVIES?



POWDER IN THE FORM OF DENTAL CREAM

WATCH your dentist next time he cleans your teeth. Note how he makes his powder into a paste.

Similarly, for your convenience we "cream" the safest dental powders into a paste, which is easy to put on the brush.

You get the cleansing power of powder . . . *in modern form* . . . when you get Listerine Tooth Paste. It keeps your teeth sparkling and lustrous. Cleans and polishes them to gleaming whiteness.

No wonder it is the favorite of glamour girls who live by their smiles.

The Editor's Page



An Open Letter to Jack Benny

DEAR Jack Benny:

I've owed you this letter for a long time, whether you know it or not. But every time I sat down to write I got big, red letters before the eyes, the shrill notes of *The Bee* would ring in my ears, and I would have to go away and lie down. After all, I'd tell myself, who am I to try to tease the master heckler of all time? Play, Phil. Sing, Kenny. Heckle, Benny. But then again, and after all, my boundless admiration for your wit, your charm, your infectious humor lures me into leading with my chin, forgetting what you did to Robert Taylor, and, as I'm doing, finally writing and posting this to the star of the radio program with the highest rating ever achieved —H'ya, Andy?

All heckling to one side, I remember our lunch that time, when you arrived late and a little weary, and in no mood for cross-talk. You had been struggling with your weekly radio program and you looked it. You were hailed and hello-ed again and backslapped and handshaken—everything, in fact, but the hot foot—on what amounted to your triumphal progress into the hotel restaurant. Genial, easy, casual, with the charm turned on, you made your entrance, a great Broadway figure, a star, a Success. Then you sat down—and the ebullient Jack Benny turned into a tired workman worrying about the job at hand. It was no pose. It was a serious thing. You were confronted with the task of whipping up a new script practically over-night because the script which was all ready to broadcast had to be killed. Why? Because it was based on the comedy of school-days—and only yesterday a tragedy had snuffed out the lives of school-children and sickened America. Of course you could have saved that script somehow. Some showmen would have glossed over it. Not you. It struck at your heart. "Imagine me being funny when mothers and fathers are mourning," you said. So you had been at it for hours at a stretch, wheedling and cajoling shiny new gags out of the air, in time to go on the air and amuse a nation. Well, it gave me a new angle on you, Mr. Benny. I had planned to try to get a slant on solving the Jack Benny Movie Mystery, or, Why the Number One Radio Comic does not Click Big in Pictures. But it didn't seem timely, somehow. Your answer, when I asked you why Jack Benny can't get what he wants to do in a Hollywood studio—a chance to create a real character, as he has done on the air—you merely shrugged, but it was an eloquent shrug which said more clearly than words that a great entertainer in one field can't always write his own ticket in another.

So let me suggest something. Hollywood has done more to you than for you, so far. And I think it's mostly Hollywood's fault. It has a way of forgetting that there is a world of real people outside its borders. These people love to listen to Benny broadcasts because they meet a man whose very voice expresses friendliness, good cheer, and humor. I'm sure that they would like to meet this same man on the screen. So far they haven't. The movie Benny is a glib, facile, clever chap, but a bit too self-assured, too polished, perhaps, for everyday tastes. It's that Hollywood touch. And now it seems to be creeping up on that highest-rated radio program. Studio audiences must love those Santa Anita and "unusual weather" jokes, they laugh at them so often, and so loud. But some of the rest of us are beginning to yearn for the good old days when Buck Benny was riding. I know, when I asked you why you didn't keep on with the Buck Benny series, you replied rather pityingly that after all, audiences want something new once in a while. But they still want it with that common, down-to-earth touch, as opposed to the Hollywood professional touch, which is often smarty and self-conscious. You're a great showman. I think you have a sneaking ambition to become a really great movie star. Screen fans like sincerity, simplicity; we go for Gary Cooper, Snow White, and Shirley Temple. They're always in season. So should you be. Sing, Benny.

Delight Evans

A Date With Clark Gable



Clark meant it when he gave that famous smile, as above, and indicated he'd like to make a date. He proved it by phoning May Mann to set the time, and meeting her promptly—see Miss Mann responding to the Gable grin in our big picture, center. At lower right on opposite page, Clark signs his autograph for the girl he "dated," and now read her story of the date!



OF COURSE there isn't a girl who would need the slightest urging or a second bid to accept a date with Clark Gable. If Clark suggested horse-back riding, the girl would agree and rustle riding pants and boots, even if she'd never been closer to a horse than on the grandstand at Santa Anita. Or if Clark were at Sun Valley or Yosemite in winter, and he said: "Let's go skiing!" a girl would brace herself for a dozen spills and a probable broken neck rather than admit she wasn't athletic, and lose out on "a date with Clark Gable!" Should such an opportunity present itself, she would most likely give her arm a good pinch to see if she were awake or just delirious in the middle of a dream. And that girl might be one of Hollywood's top-flight stars, a secretary at the studio, or a girl behind the counter in a department store. And the date might be a ride around the block in Clark's sixteen-cylinder Packard roadster, or dinner and dancing at the Trocadero. Even though the Gable dates are pretty well written down on Carole Lombard's calendar, Clark is still eligible enough. And though the chances of any mere Miss being dated by Gable when there's the glamorous Lombard in the offing, one never can tell when circumstances might be just right, and

Here's one girl's thrilling experience of an actual "date" with the gallant and much-sought-after Gable himself

By May Mann



such an opportunity might come to some lucky girl.

Once in the not so distant past, I was sent by an enterprising editor to write a newspaper feature on "How It Would Be To Have A Date With Gable." When I was introduced to Mr. Gable on a movie set at his studio, and got a first-hand close-up of that boyish grin, the Gable dimples and his engaging personality, I stepped right out of my classification of Hollywood news correspondent into the Clark Gable Movie Fan class. I was not a little confused as I tried to explain the nature of the interview, and kept thinking how faultless were his gray tweeds, the dull green shirt and matching tie of soft wool, and how remarkably well the coat fit on his broad shoulders. Clark wears clothes with a careless grace, seemingly unaware of his sartorial elegance.

"Please understand, Mr. Gable, I don't want a date personally, I just want to write how it would be—" and then I hastened to add: "Of course I don't mean it wouldn't be nice to have a date, but I assure you I don't expect one, and this is all business." (And I felt myself blushing, actually.)

Clark just grinned at me, having a lot of fun at my expense, and suggested we go over to a quiet corner and talk. He soon placed me at ease by relating some commonplace events of the day, and making some friendly inquiries about this rather beflustered and suddenly movie-struck reporter. Prop-men were breaking up the set and so we walked over to his dressing-room. The only photograph there was a large one of Carole Lombard in a beautiful silver frame standing on a small table by an easy chair. A small vase of salmon rosebuds stood by the picture, which showed Miss Lombard in riding habit, without make-up—and looking very natural and lovely.

Clark said he really thought perhaps a story based on reality would be better than one on fancy, and that we should write it after we'd had a date. However, he told about the places he liked to go, the things he liked to do; what he said when he telephoned a girl, how he always asked her where she would like to go. If she suggested the Trocadero, he would ask her what she was wearing and send a corsage of flowers in harmonizing colors from his florist. For the occasion he would rent one of the long black limousines from the studio, as he only owns two sport roadsters and a hunting station wagon of his own. And of course he would wear white tie and tails and a top hat. But he said if given his preference, he would rather dress comfortably and call the girl and go for a ride. If the circus was in town he would certainly take her there, and they'd munch hamburgers and drink pink lemonade. But if the racing season were on, he'd suggest they go to Santa Anita. And then he always likes the tennis matches. Too, he likes small dinner parties at the homes of friends. Sometimes six months pass before he dons a dinner jacket—and then he will have to drive over to his studio, and take one out of his dressing-room for a formal occasion. And so we wrote an entertaining story, though (*Please turn to page 78*)



What Stars are Slipping— and Why?

A startlingly frank article throws light on the crisis many screen greats face, and shows the way stars may escape danger signs ahead

By Gladys Hall

WHEN Marie Antoinette said "Let them eat cake!" she placed her head upon the guillotine. When a Garbo said "I tank I go home;" when a Dietrich refuses to turn from her mirror long enough to smile at the populace; when a Joan Crawford changed from a dancing lady to a grand lady; when a Jean Arthur fights with her studio and stays off the screen; when a Nelson Eddy adopts an I-can't-be-bothered-it's-all-too-silly attitude toward the



Joan Crawford, left, is one star all Hollywood agrees could find the way to re-establish herself should her popularity be threatened. Right, Jean Arthur made a come-back and rose to great eminence; now Jean is absenting herself from the screen. Below, Robert Montgomery boldly defied tradition—and won.



Press; when a Simone Simon has more tantrums than talent proven—are these perhaps trivial gestures and attitudes the equivalents of that famed and fatal sentence uttered by a Queen?

There have been innumerable articles written about How A Star Rises, and Why. It makes for a better understanding of the whole if we take a look at both sides of the page. So let's, for a moment, contemplate the phenomena of the rising stars. We know that stars rise, Phoenixes from the ashes of beauty contests, Broadway theatres, college dramatic plays (*i.e.* Robert Taylor); college plays and college movies (*i.e.* Andrea Leeds); little theatre productions (*i.e.* Wayne Morris); that they skate into Hollywood like Sonja Henie; dance into Hollywood like Eleanor Powell. We know that they hail from foreign parts where the talent scouts, beglamored by a Budapest or a Berlin, believe that all that glitters there must be box-office gold here—*i.e.*, Marlene, Luise Rainer, Ilona Massey, Hedy La Marr and others. We know that the instant Hollywood feels within its loins the first faint flutterings of an embryonic star the powerful batteries of the studios are let loose and the period of gestation results in an accouchement with all of the fairy godmothers in attendance!

When a star rises there are infallible signs. The instant you step foot in a studio you are aware that the whole antennae of the place is a'quiver. When Robert Taylor made "Society Doctor," long before the picture was previewed, long before anyone "outside" had heard the name of Robert Taylor we who are in Hollywood were subtly forewarned that unto us a new star was to be born. The publicity department of M-G-M, told to "sell" Taylor, kept up a steady sing-song, the burden of the refrain the name of Robert Taylor. Writers for movie publications were (*Please turn to page 87*)



Marlene Dietrich, right. Her future is the subject of much speculation in Hollywood. Left, Garbo, whose popularity abroad is even greater than in America. Below, Ruth Chatterton, once called the Screen's First Lady, is no longer in Hollywood.



SCREENLAND SNOOP Reports:— It's a Romance in Waltz Time!





Their love story is front-page news. They have been touched by tragedy, smeared with sensationalism. But the romance of Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck is at heart a serene and steady reality. Above, "he" and "she." Left, a new portrait of "him."

THEY are saying out in Hollywood that Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor will *not* get married. Hollywood just can't bear to have its romances coast along pleasantly. Hollywood either has to be making up or breaking up its romances. People just can't love each other period.

The members of my aunt's Wednesday afternoon bridge club seem to have the best "inside" information on the Stanwyck-Taylor situation. They know quite definitely, without the slightest shadow of a doubt, that the split has come. (Last month they knew quite definitely about Lombard and Gable. Next month they'll know quite definitely about Gaynor and Power.) Now it is my business to keep in constant contact with the movie stars, and I was always one to mind my business, even if it means having cocktails with Clark Gable, but I'm telling you that if it wasn't for my aunt's Wednesday afternoon bridge club I would never know what goes on in Hollywood. The source of their perfectly marvelous "inside" information seems to be the various columnists and air chatterers. They don't even know a girl who knows a girl who does Barbara Stanwyck's nails!

"True!" said Mrs. North with vehemence as she slammed her last trump right smack on her partner's ace. "Of course it's true. They have definitely split. Didn't you read the lowdown in the *Reporter* this morning? It said: 'You just wouldn't believe it if we told you what beautiful male star couldn't get a date on Sunday night because six different girls turned down the chance, not able to believe he was dateless!' Of course that's Bob. Who else could it be?"

"Gable," said Mrs. East.

"Hurrmph," said Mrs. North in disgust, "they never refer to Clark as beautiful. Bob is the only beautiful male star!"

"I've known it for months," said Mrs. West, who always seems to have known everything for months except that you must not lead from an unguarded king. "Didn't you read in a column several weeks ago where it said that the highly publicized romance of a certain screen couple is as cold as ice but that the two stars are loathe to call it off fearing the resultant publicity, or something like that. Barbara and Bob of course. And didn't you hear on the radio that Barbara was that way about Herbert Marshall—"

And so it goes. Driven into a frustrated fury once when they tried to tell *me* that one of my best friends was about to depart this world in the throes of hiccups (she had never been nearer hiccups than a good burp in a coca-cola) I endeavored to inform the Mesdames North, East, South and West that what they read in the columns and what they hear on the air is nine-tenths of the time dreamed up by a bunch of press agents who sit around in offices and are well paid for dreaming up things.

"We call them the Never, Never People," I said waxing enthusiastic. But I was soon slapped down by a set of cold, icy looks. "It is too bad," they said firmly, "that Madge has hiccups."

Now my aunt's Wednesday afternoon bridge club, and their ilk, are not the only ones in Hollywood who are calling off the Stanwyck-Taylor romance for poor Barbara and Bob. The publicity people, the fan writers, the hairdressers, the cutters, the prop boys, the gatemen, and even the movie stars themselves seem to know quite

fame, was pretty thrilled to manage a down payment on "the first car she ever owned."

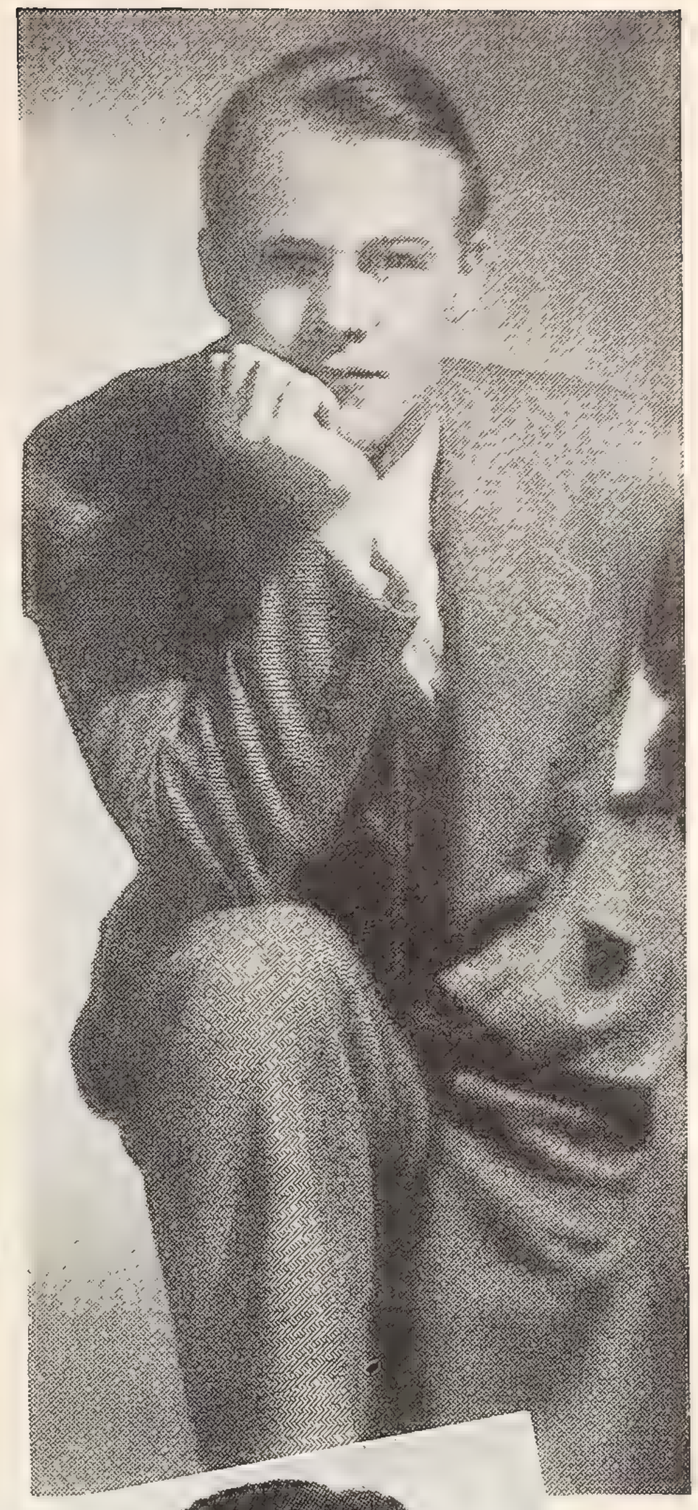
Alan Curtis, personally chosen by Joan Crawford for a star-making part in "Mannequin," refused an invitation to ride horseback with Spencer Tracy because he didn't have riding boots—*or the price for a pair he considered sufficiently swanky!*

These facts, and others just as startling, have never before been told about the glittering newcomers who are drawing you and you into a million box-offices all over the world. Literally, and unless they've a strong sense of humor, pathetically—they are tops on credit, but low on cash!

Jon Hall told me, "At first I accepted all the invitations that came my way, for you can imagine my pleasure at mingling as an equal with the celebrities about whom I had read so often. Then I began to imagine that they wondered, 'Why doesn't he ever invite us anywhere, and make some effort to return all this hospitality?'

"I could, perhaps, afford to play host to a few, but on my present salary, it would be fantastic for me to attempt to repay the lavish hospitality I've enjoyed. Therefore I've stopped going out, except with a few close friends. *If I were making as much as $500 a week I could keep my end up with the $5,000 a week stars.* But not now."

There, you see, is the problem! As Jon himself said, (*Please turn to page 72*)









Wayne Morris, Patric Knowles and Marjorie Weaver, right reading down, all are tops on credit. Above, Jon Hall and Ann Sheridan. Left, Andrea Leeds—Jon Hall wants to take her dancing; but he hasn't the cash.



Don Ameche's Confession of Faith

The finest—and frankest—self-revelation ever made by a successful star! We urge you not to miss this brave and beautiful interview with a man we honor for daring to share his spiritual experience

By
Reginald Taviner

DEEP in Don Ameche's innermost being there is a something which manifests itself throughout his entire personality. He believes it is this which has brought him success. That something is—Faith.

If eyes are the windows of the soul, then voice must be the sounding-board of the spirit, and Don's faith is abundantly reflected in both. It projects itself into everything he does and reaches the hearts of the countless millions who see him on the screen and listen to his radio programs. They respond instinctively, as truck loads of fan mail tell him, though few of them even suspect to what they are responding.

For Don's faith, unlike most actors' and entertainers', is not in himself nor in the "breaks," but in God. And God, he declares, has never let him down!

Don does not parade his belief upon his coat-sleeve nor seek to impersonate a plaster saint. On the contrary he is magnetically human; he smokes, dances, drinks moderately, swears spontaneously when anything makes him mad, and dearly loves a good game of poker. Neverthe-

less he lives by all odds the cleanest life in Hollywood because he never ceases to practice what he consistently omits to preach.

This faith of his, which for him has truly moved mountains, is no new-found thing. Of Italian descent on his father's side, it is inherent in the bone; in it he has found strength and inspiration all his life. Nor is it merely a convenient faith in which to find refuge when things go wrong and forget when they go right. Always he has been succored and sustained by its unutterable power and quietude beneath the surface.

He admits that he has lapsed from grace many, many times. But at such times, he asserts, he has suffered until his conduct was brought into reconciliation with his conscience. As an outstanding instance of this there was the time in Chicago when Don literally passed out on the street. The world then had not so much as heard of him; he was still studying to become a lawyer and his radio and movie career was undreamed of in the future. Between colleges—he went to five all told, equally unsuccessfully—he was at a loose end. For some months he had been drifting aimlessly and drinking pretty heavily for him.

Then, of a sudden one night while he was walking back to his room, everything stopped. Just for an instant Don says that he simply *ceased to be!* He wasn't drunk or sick, and it wasn't a physical but a spiritual suspension; for that infinitesimal moment he whirled as an atom adrift in space. He didn't faint, slump to the ground as did Saul on the road to Damascus, or anything like that. He himself describes the experience by saying that it seemed as if all the cords holding him to earth had simultaneously been cut.

"That one split-second was the biggest crisis of my entire life," he said. "I was as a man drowning in the infinite without even a straw to clutch at."

And in that moment *he saw!* In his idleness and youthful dissipation he had been veering dangerously from his anchor. He believes that instant was sent to him in which to take a spiritual breath. With that breath he was reborn, and everything snapped back into focus again.

There have been several similar crises within Don's remembrance, although in his opinion none of the others approaches the moral magnitude of that one. However, another which he vividly recalls happened years before when he first left home to attend St. Berchman's Seminary at Marion, Iowa. He was just eleven at the time, the eldest of eight children, and being thus uprooted from his parents and brothers and sisters was a great wrench. His childhood in the rollicking, yet essentially religious family circle had been very happy indeed, and when the shy, sensitive Don found himself an utter stranger among the hundred and fifty other pupils at the school he was acutely miserable. He was homesick, lost, lonely.

But at St. Berchman's there is a little white chapel. Its haloed figures beckoned to the forlorn youngster from the stained glass windows with a welcome that was familiar and friendly. Here was something he knew, something which had always been a part of home. So he went inside, knelt, and poured out his troubles with clasped hands and juvenile tears. Kneeling there was like kneeling again at his mother's knee. His tears ceased and an ineffable peace descended upon him.

"When I got up I felt entirely differently," he said. "I was comforted because all feeling of strangeness had vanished. It seemed that God came very close just then."

Incidentally it was at St. Berchman's that Don, quite unknowingly of course, actually began his career. For there he learned to "speak pieces" and during his second year represented the school in a statewide elocution contest. He won hands down with his impassioned rendition of *The Going Of The Swan.*

To prove that his religious and histrionic activities didn't make him too Little Lord Fauntleroy-ish he the same year led the school basket- (*Please turn to page 82*)

Don Ameche

Beverly Hills
February 4, 1938

Dear Delight: --

Reg Taviner has written a story for you about me, and, owing to its unusual theme for a movie magazine, I felt I should let you know it is a fact story.

Reg is a friend of mine, and, in the course of talks together about life-and-things, he has learned a lot of my reactions. He said it was "story material" and wished to write a story about my faith in God. I told him to "go ahead" and he did.

I am unconditionally optimistic, Delight, but faith, of course, must be fundamental if one is to develop spiritually. And, I have always noted that when an ideal is successfully demonstrated in one's individual consciousness, it follows inevitably that there comes to its support a greater degree of faith and of love for human kind.

And, while I have your attention I wish to express my sincere appreciation for all your kindness to me demonstrated in thepages of SCREENLAND ever since I have been in pictures.

With best wishes,

Don Ameche

To - Delight Evans
Editor, SCREENLAND

Don Ameche wrote this letter, above, to the Editor of SCREENLAND authorizing the amazing story on these pages. Below, a close-up of Don and his lovely wife, Honore.





Animal Actors Draw Star Salaries!

Animals that made stardom. Left to right across top: the late Jiggs, famous chimp of many a picture who died after playing in "Jungle Love." Corky; comedy is his forte. Seal, in "Big Broadcast of 1938." Sui Sun, Leo Carrillo's horse, seen also in center jumping a rope held by Nelson Eddy and a director. Lion cub. Billie, the alligator. Pete, the penguin. Leopard. Skippy, also known as Asta—his name in "The Thin Man" films—and Mr. Smith, in "The Awful Truth."

ARE we in an age of men or mice? *Homo sapiens* or apes? Is this to continue as an era dominated by the higher, two-legged and morally conscious vertebrates or is it to be taken over by canines, bovines, porcines and felines? And if so, which would you rather be? These are questions Hollywood is asking, and perhaps justly so.

Leaving the Donald Ducks, Mickey Mice, Felixes, Clarabelles and Plutos to their own particular fortunes it appears that, to gain riches in Hollywood, one would well achieve his demise and return to this earth in the form of an animate penguin, trained seal, chimpanzee, alligator, lion cub or Pacific pelican. Or, perhaps better, become the owner of one of these.

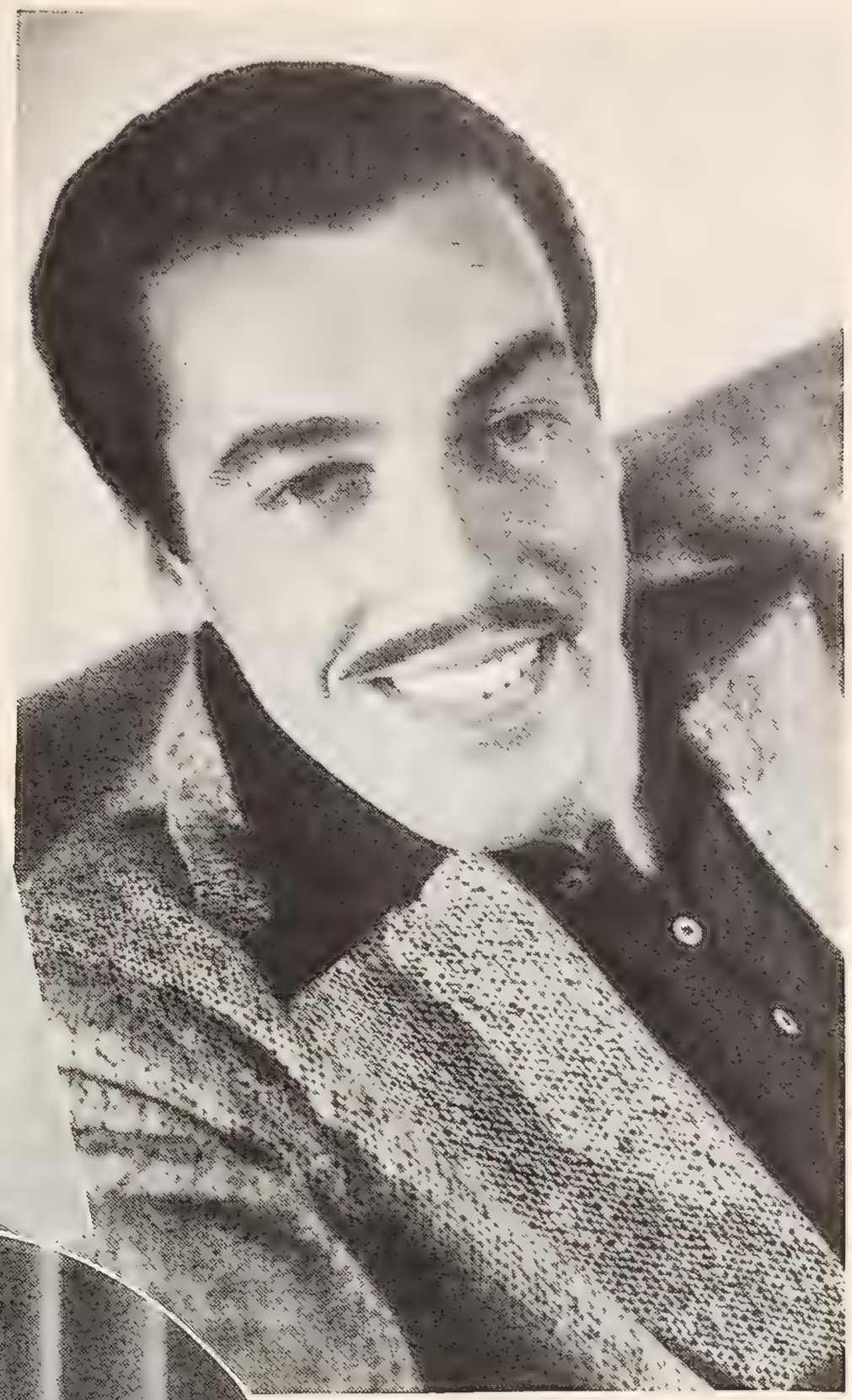
For here in shadowland, the fact that animals used in certain pictures draw down definitely more money than the persons whose names head the roster of players, is fast becoming an open secret. That animals have, moreover, stolen scenes from important players in important screen plays is not an unknown fact. Nor do these players hesitate to let it be known that they are strongly against performing in sequences where domestic creatures or wild life are given free rein. And all of this, to speak fairly, with a certain amount of reason.

As to scene stealing by animals, you have the perfect expression currently in the lithe, intelligent, and prankish "Nissa," the leopard which plays the name rôle, no less,

Delayed Discovery

Hollywood catches on, and Cesar Romero forthwith becomes a screen as well as a social somebody of importance

By Martin Somers





It was a great day for Cesar when Hollywood took back the gun they gave him to play gangster types and handed him a baton for a comedy rôle in "Happy Landing." Cesar made a hit with the screen-goers playing that part, and also with Ethel Merman, in a close-up with him at right. Success and romance in the same film, eh, what?

FOUR years isn't too long to make, in anybody's profession or business, the advance Cesar Romero has accomplished. Yet, in Romero's case, the recognition he now rates as a leading man in character, heavy, or comedy rôles, is taking on all the aspects of a delayed discovery in that land of split-second success that is known—and how well it's known—as Hollywood.

Cesar is the former ballroom dancer and stage actor who was given a gun when he went to Hollywood in 1934. By day, under the gleaming arc lights of sound stages, he flashed his dark brown eyes in menacing glares as a villain in costume or a gangster in mufti. By night, under the less searching but far more social spotlights of Hollywood's swank dinner-and-dance retreats, Cesar moved with even greater grace and assurance to the rhythmic measures of a waltz, rhumba, or what have you, Terpsichore, his partner in the dance some glamor girl whose appearance at any party was good for a line or two in the chatter columns. It got so you read far more about his social than his screen life, and you got to tabbing Cesar as the man who went to Hollywood to squire the pretty girls around at night, merely filling in the daytime hours by acting the dirty dog for the cameras, just for diversion.

But came "Happy Landing," came the movie critics' enthusiastic, yet nevertheless surprised, response to Romero's slyly adept comedy performance as the dimwit bandman, *Duke Sargent,* and comes an entirely new appraisal of Cesar Romero—not from the public, you understand. There has been right along a large Romero following, and all of its members are hereby accorded their time to laugh at the "discovery" by critics of something the Romero fans could have told the critics long ago—that Cesar doesn't do things by halves.

How close Romero came to missing the chance to demonstrate what he really can do on the screen is something that has been entirely missed in the records so far. Long under contract to Universal, that company had been casting Cesar only sporadically for some time, and he was becoming a habitual loan-out to the neighboring 20th Century-Fox lot. When Shirley Temple's "Wee Willie Winkie" film was being cast, Cesar was picked for the chieftain who was leading his tribe in revolt against the British army in India. As *Khoda Kahn* he had a chance to develop a colorful character. But nobody paid much attention to that during the filming of the picture. Between the completion of "Wee Willie Winkie" and its first preview, Universal dropped Romero from the contract lists. That was bad. Then "Wee Willie Winkie" was previewed. The audience, as did audiences at later showings, singled out Romero for the highest of praise. That was good. Next day he got his present contract with 20th Century, and the opportunity he turned to such good account in "Happy Landing."

"The name, *Khoda Kahn,* has stuck to me around the lot," Cesar told us between sips of orange juice at a restaurant during his recent trip to New York. "From property men on up, I'm quite (*Please turn to page 75*)

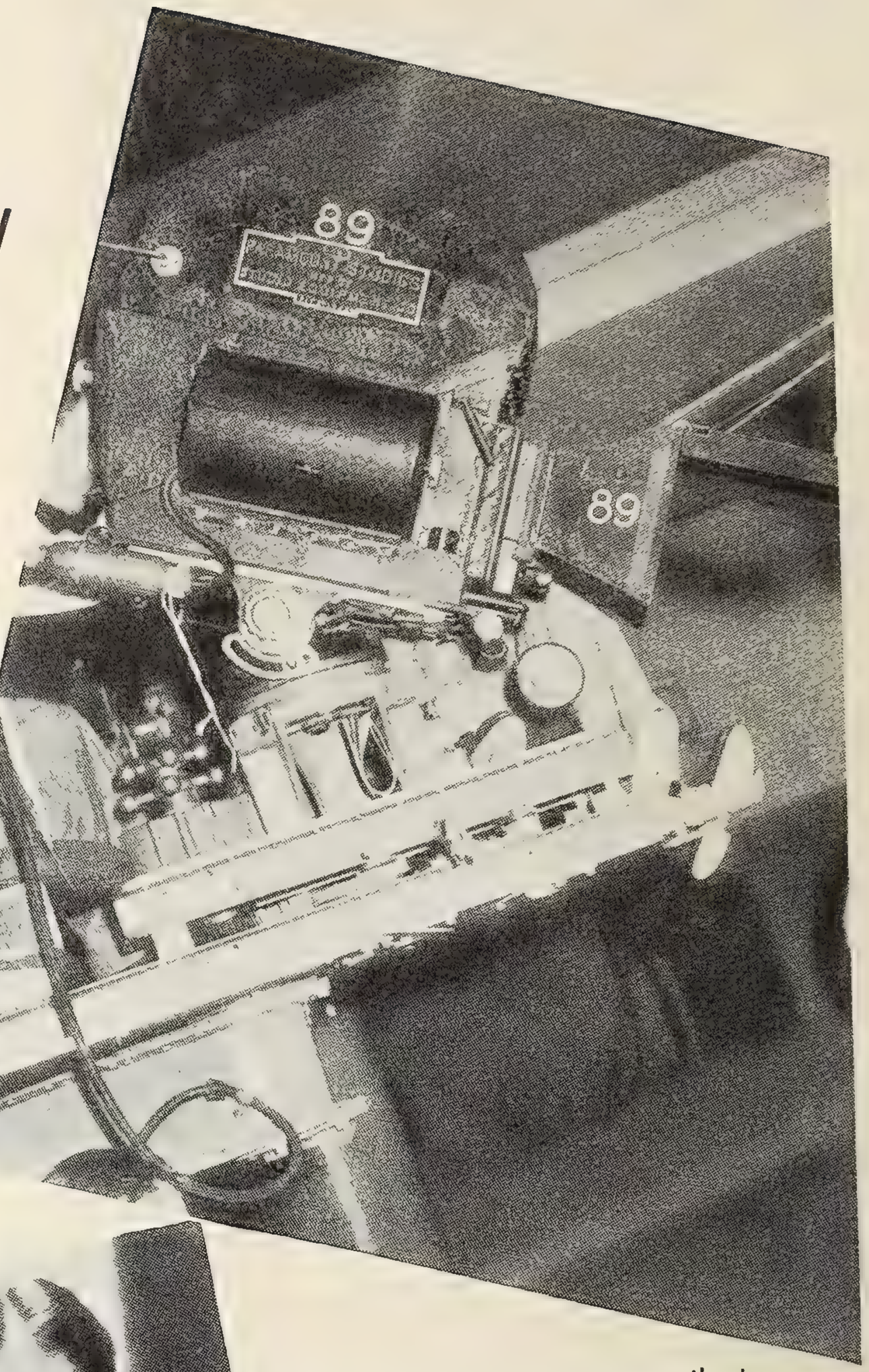
"Bloody but Unbowed"

From Henley's *INVICTUS:*

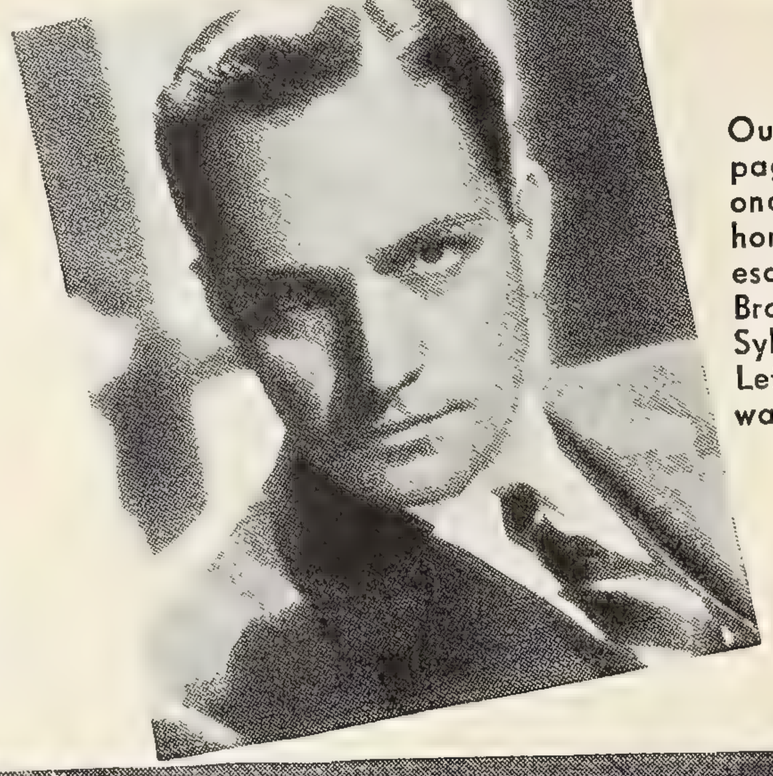
"In the fell clutch of circumstance,
I have not winced nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed."

WELL, I must say Hollywood certainly had its ears knocked back by Broadway this season! The way the pampered pets of the cinema were slapped down by the unappreciative New York fans and the unimpressed Broadway critics was really something terrific. Why, the gilded screen idols haven't been so effectively snubbed since Mrs. Patrick Campbell visited the West Coast and showed a fine disregard for the social amenities. Mrs. Pat had a most distressing way of never having heard of anyone! While Beverly Hills gasped and Brentwood gaped she tossed off Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer, and Joan Crawford just as if they were so much jetsam. New York this year, as far as the film bunch were concerned, was a great big Mrs. Patric. Campbell.

I remember—and a lot of people wish I didn't—when producers turned as pale as snow pudding when their glamor girls and boys walked magnificently into the "front office," giving out with a Barrymoreish, "You can't do this to me, you worm. I'll return to the New York theatre!" Such a lot of excitement! The director would go down on his knees, the producer would go down in his pockets, and the Paramount stock would just go down. The "Gee-ild"



Our large picture above, across the two pages, shows poor little Sylvia Sidney once more menaced by that great big horrid movie camera, from which she escaped, briefly, by going back to Broadway. However, now you'll be seeing Sylvia on the screen again, and soon. Left, Fredric March, who took his Broadway beating like the good sport he is.









At long last, Hollywood is up in arms against the abuse of the collecting craze. Read what your favorite stars are doing about it

By Charles Darnton

film celebrities are no novelty to the man, woman and child in the street, it is seldom, if ever, that they dare venture into public view without resort to at least the attempted disguise of dark glasses.

In the stand now taken by the great majority of Hollywood stars their attitude might be suspected of being a wholly selfish one. This is not the case. They are long-suffering, but not self-pitying. It is significant that my investigation proves them to be not only tolerant to a surprising degree but so fair-minded as to see both sides of the matter. They are not so much afraid, for example, that a mob-rush may bring physical injury upon themselves as they are fearful of disaster befalling their reckless pursuers. They want parents to help them take care of endangered youngsters. They know they can take care of themselves. And they have a plan of taking care of the big, unwieldy, free-for-all sport which, for lack of a better—or worse—term is called autograph-hunting.

Carole Lombard, generous (*Please turn to page 91*)

Here Carole Lombard, at left below, laughingly seems to dodge the importunate autograph-seekers being held in check by the police—center, on opposite page. Then, reading from top left, Errol Flynn good-humoredly autographs a little girl's hat; Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor give in gracefully; Olivia de Havilland, on "Robin Hood" location, autographs for admiring youngsters; John Barrymore and Elaine Barrie being obliging. Now, on this page: at left above, Loretta Young signs from her car window; Edward Arnold, below, tries to laugh it off; Bette Davis, at right below, in an impromptu autographic moment; and Robert Montgomery, bottom left, grins amiably at a group of fans.



Crazy about Radio



Andy Devine had so much fun broadcasting for Jack Benny he forgot to ask to be paid! "Gravel-Voice" now gets gold as well as applause

By
Whitney Williams







The genial big boy with the gravel voice is in demand for pictures and radio. Reason: he enjoys his job. Left center, Andy with Mrs. Devine and their son. Left, with Tyrone Power "In Old Chicago." Above, riding the range.

ANDY DEVINE is one of the screen's outstanding personalities — but if he weren't so all-fired dippy about radio, he'd be richer today by many thousands of dollars. Not that the gravel-voiced comedian will admit the truth of this assertion in regard to his finances. He'd be the last one in the world to accede such a thing. That's purely an editorial aside. Everybody in Air, however—and in Hollywood as a whole—knows he should have earned such an amount and more for his radio work during the past year. And that's where they're wrong.

Up until a few weeks ago, Andy Devine had never received a cent in payment for his numerous radio appearances! What? But listen. It all started a couple of years ago. Let's skip back to the time Andy was locationing with the "Coronado" film company, at the California resort of that same name.

Andy is a golf enthusiast, and whenever he can spare the time will hie himself to the nearest links. In Hollywood, he belongs to the swanky Lakeside Country Club—the club of the movie-great—and almost daily may be glimpsed there in company with such crack players as Bing Crosby, Dick Arlen and Johnny Weissmuller. It wasn't so strange, then, that he should haunt the golf course down there at Coronado, on the days he wasn't acting before the camera. On this particular occasion, Andy and another member of the troupe were about to tee off when Jack Benny approached with one of his gag-writers. The business at hand was golf, not gags.

"Mind if we make it a foursome?" he inquired.

"Come on," grinned back Andy. Then, to his partner, "Here's meat."

"Oh, yeah," snapped Mister Benny, in his customary bright style—and the game was on.

Along about the ninth hole, after having listened to Andy's hoarse cracks and slightly loco conversation, Jack removed the cigar from his mouth—sure, he even *plays* smoking a cheroot—regarded Andy owlishly for a moment, then fired a question at him.

"How'd you like to come down to the broadcasting station some time and be on my show?"

Andy sliced, beautifully. And at ten cents a hole. He barely recovered his gum before he swallowed it. But he beamed. He grinned from ear to ear.

"Say that again," he begged, bordering on hysteria.

"How'd you like—" and Jack was smiling, too, now.

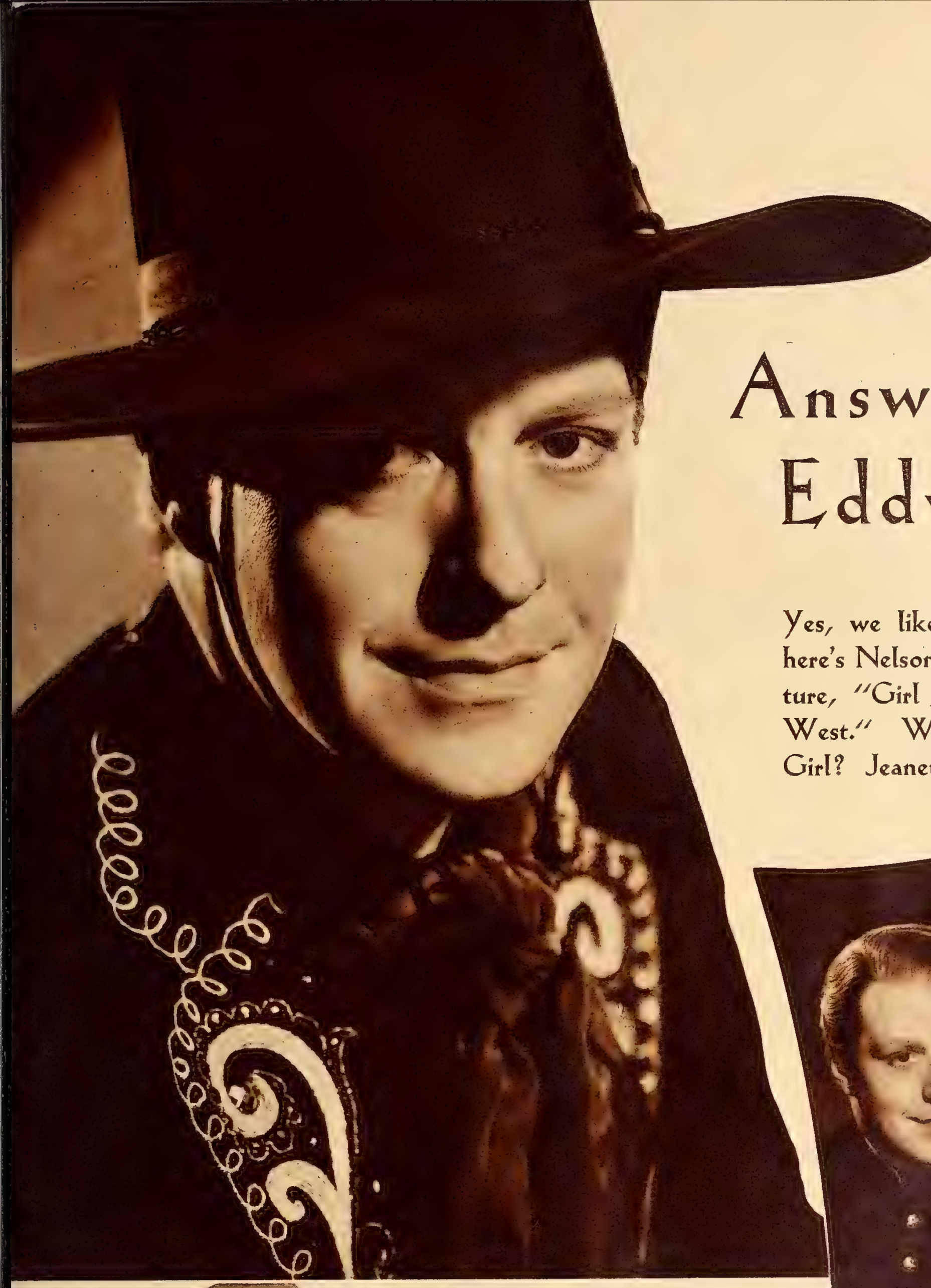
"*Would* I!" Seagulls flying overhead suddenly struck for home, at Andy's frenzied cry.

"All right, all right—forget it, and play golf." Jack replaced his ever-present cigar and drove solemnly down the fairway—right into a trap.

For nearly a year, Andy (*Please turn to page 75*)

Answer to Eddy Fans

Yes, we like him, too! So here's Nelson in his new pic=ture, "Girl of the Golden West." What? Oh, The Girl? Jeanette MacDonald!





Clarence S. Bull

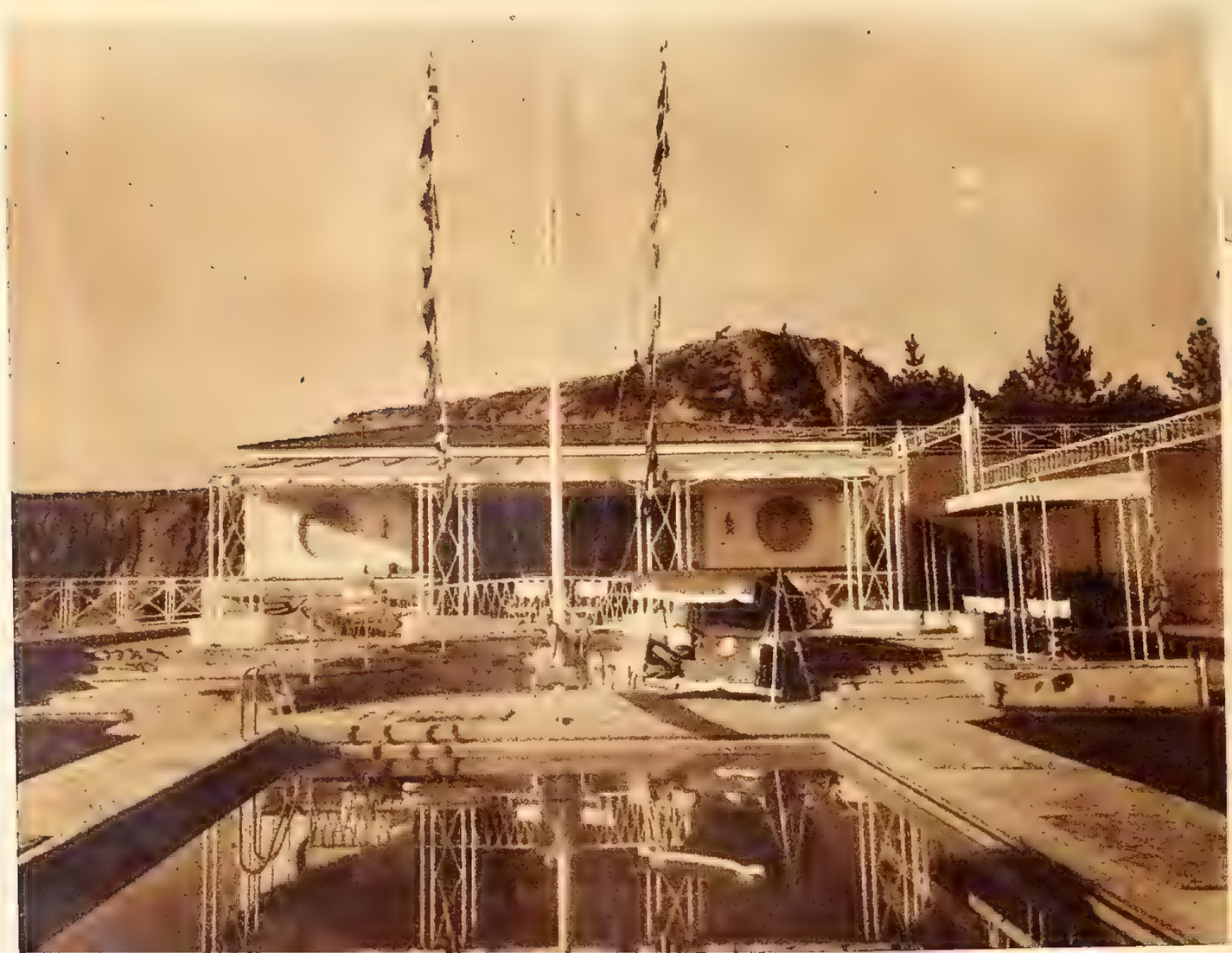


Ever since a certain "Open Letter" we've been be-sieged by the admirers of Nelson Eddy, in agree-ment or in anger. The singing actor inspires more wholehearted enthusiasm than any other star on the screens today. On one point, however, his fans are unanimous: give us more, and better, Eddy art. We think you have it here. The lovely lady who sings and acts the title rôle in "Girl of the Golden West" with co-star Eddy is, of course, Miss Mac-Donald. (We like her, too!)

Ever since she was a kid, Ginger Rogers has yearned for her own soda fountain, where she could whip up delectable messes with her own fair hands. She has it now—see above, and at left. At bottom of page, the swimming pool on Ginger's beautiful new estate.

Step Right Up to Ginger's Soda Bar!

What'll it be? With la Rogers as your hostess in her grand new home, you'll take a chocolate sundae and like it, as who wouldn't?



John Miehle



While Ginger, on opposite page, is an established star with a gorgeous new estate, Andrea Leeds, who made her first hit with Ginger in "Stage Door" and followed it up in "The Goldwyn Follies," moves into her first real Hollywood home, in which she is pictured here.



Coburn

Come and Call on Andrea Leeds!

Hollywood's new white hope for future greatness poses for her first "home" pictures —and it's a real home, too







Personally we don't know whether the joke's on the bull Martha Raye will meet when she plays a lady matador in "Tropic Holiday," or on Martha, as she learns, above, about the Sport of Spain from Hemingway's "Death in the Afternoon." Maybe Martha was thinking of "Ferdinand the Bull" when she took the part.

Jest For You!

Shooting stars on the swing, our cameraman calls this one above: Bob Hope, Ben Blue, John Payne; and, seated: Gracie Allen, Martha Raye, George Burns, Betty Grable and Florence George, all members of the "College Swing" show.

Looking in on the stars Hollywood calls to create comedy, as they tune up to make you titter those blues away

Attic antics, above, by Harold Lloyd and Lionel Stander are for fun in "Professor Beware." Love with a sense of humor: across top of page, Gracie Allen and Edward Everett Horton, romancing in "College Swing." Far left, Bing Crosby and Mary Carlisle, in "Dr. Rhythm." Center, left: George Burns and Gracie Allen. Below, from left to right: Lynne Overman, Martha Raye, W. C. Fields, Shirley Ross, Bob Hope gang up to make you giggle.

Perfect Specimens!

Glitter, in the spangles and eyes of Simone Simon, above. Curves to capture the artists' and just plain citizens' eyes, in Betty Grable, right. Glamor: just look at Dorothy Lamour, center right. Enchantment, of course that's Shirley Temple, brightening this brilliant assemblage of charm and talent, there at upper right. Allure—that's Alice Faye, top center.

These fascinating ladies! Exclamations are in order when you meet Claudette Colbert and Carole Lombard in their most vivacious moods, as you do in these pictures of Claudette, so Springlike and chic in her sailor and tailor of white; and Carole, below, swathed in fox and accompanied by her furry friend, the sheep dog, gift from Clark Gable.



Look to Hollywood, and these adorables, for the true pattern of pulchritude; of charm, vivacity, and style, but above all for the personality ensemble that always pleases

Go ahead—sing it with Priscilla Lane (you must know the words of "Bei Mir Bist du Schoen" by this time!). These action shots below of the rapidly rising young screen singer, taken in sequence as Priscilla warbles the tune, also offer you points on how to put ummph into a number.



Playlets in Pictures

Caught by the candid camera! Here we offer you a series of shows that need no words and music to make them amuse, interest, and entertain all who like to see the fun behind the screen

The great disappearance act, ladies and gentlemen, is going on above. Follow, across these two pages, the magic of Ben Blue, who puts Martha Raye into a cabinet, blindfolds her, makes magic passes, and—and opens the cabinet to show Martha's still there (where'd you think she'd be, silly?). Below, Mabel Todd and "Von." The dog can, and will—and does—talk, and also sings a duet with Mabel.



Wind, rain, fog, even cobwebs, are produced with startling realism by the ingenious devices seen below, manipulated by Hollywood's studio magicians. Yvonne Duval, Paramount starlet, walks in a gale; finds her way through a fog, is trapped by smoke, and caught in a spider web. Some fun!

Property man in action. Left, putting labels on bottles for a scene in "Men of the Waterfront." Center, Wallace Beery, star in the picture, selects a pistol. Right, Maureen O'Sullivan, leading lady, picks a wedding ring to use in the film—oh, a happy ending eh? Well, it makes a nice change!













1—1918: at the age of 22 months. (Anita was born in 1917, in New York City.)
2—1921: on her fifth birthday.
3—1922: when she was six—"playing nurse" with her dog.
4—1923: Anita's first screen rôle in "The Sixth Commandment," filmed in New York. From left to right, Charlotte Walker, Edmund Breese, William Faversham, two boy actors.
5—1924: Her first emotional rôle, in "Lend Me Your Husband."
6—1925: At the age of eight, Anita won applause for her work in "The Music Master," with Alec Francis.
7—1926: In "Square Shoulders," with Philip DeLacey.

Anita Louise's Success Story Told in Pictures

Now that Anita is of age—she celebrated her 21st birthday January 9, 1938—her mother opens for us the family album

8—1927: Anita, at the age of ten, was a clever dancer as well as an actress.
9—1928: Eleven years old, and already an experienced actress of poise and charm.
10—1931: At fourteen, Anita was an established player. A close-up in character for "Heaven on Earth."
11—1932: Back to the stage, to act with Billie Burke in "The Marquise."
12—1933: Hollywood again, and a rôle with William Farnum in "Are We Civilized?".
13—1934: With the beloved Will Rogers in "Judge Priest."
14—1935: Anita wins coveted rôle in "Anthony Adverse" and plays it to perfection.
15—1936: As Errol Flynn's leading lady in "Green Light"—a box-office hit.
16—1938: Now Anita, a full-fledged star at twenty-one, receives her mother's birthday gift of a star sapphire ring. She has arrived! Warners promote her to stardom.


8




10






11


13


14

15







Halfway up the Hollywood ladder is lovely Olympe Bradna, Paramount's candidate for glory—at left, by her garden pool; above, a close-up; and at right above, with her pet, an ex-circus dog. The lovely girl at the right is Arlene Whelan, once a manicurist on the 20th-Fox lot, now Warner Baxter's heroine in "Kidnapped"—on the same lot.



Selected For Stardom

How many of these promising newcomers will achieve Hollywood fame? *We're* for them!

Steps to stardom up the Hollywood ladder: below, Joyce Matthews, for seven months a "stock girl" at the Paramount Studio, received a bit in "Tip-Off Girls." Playing a waitress in a café scene, Joyce is notified she has been given a small part, phones her mother the good news. Next, her grooming at the hands of an expert hairdresser. Then last-minute make-up.











Lucky girl is Dorothy Belle Dugan, selected by Pete Smith from hundreds of beauties for the lead in his short feature, "Modeling for Money." See Dot and Pete at right, and a close-up of the newcomer, above. Also lucky is Frances MacInerney, who also gets a part in Mr. Smith's movie because Joan Crawford, with whom she appeared in "Mannequin," believes she has a future. See the three at left above.

At left, Louise Campbell, a stage actress, now trying her luck in Hollywood. You've seen her in the "Bulldog Drummond" films. At right, the lone male among important newcomers—Richard Greene, brought from England to be Loretta Young's hero in "Four Men and a Prayer."

Continuing the adventures of Joyce: at left below, a script girl gives Joyce her part, with the first lines she has ever spoken in a movie production. Next, the big moment is nearly here! Joyce waits while the cameraman gauges the light and composition for her close-up. And finally, it's a "take"—Joyce goes through her scene with Lloyd Nolan and Roscoe Karns.







G. E. Richardson

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Gene Raymond and Olympe Bradna in "Stolen Heaven"

A new star is born, and a popular established player gains new lustre, in Paramount's picturesque romance in a Continental setting, "Stolen Heaven." Olympe Bradna, the little French girl who won instant audience interest in "Last Train from Madrid" and "Souls at Sea," leaps to stardom with Gene Raymond as her leading man.

Sh-Sh-h-h-! DON'T TELL A SOUL! . . .

CAROLE LOMBARD *and* FERNAND GRAVET



ARE SIMPLY

"FOOLS FOR SCANDAL"

AND SO ARE

RALPH BELLAMY

ALLEN JENKINS • ISABEL JEANS
MARIE WILSON • MARCIA RALSTON

A Mervyn LeRoy Production

Screen Play by Herbert Fields and Joseph Fields
Additional Dialogue by Irv Brecher
From the Play, "Return Engagement" by Nancy Hamilton, James Shute and Rosemary Casey
Music and Lyrics by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart

Their romance is scandalicious, scandalovely, scandalirious!

A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE
presented by
Warner Bros.

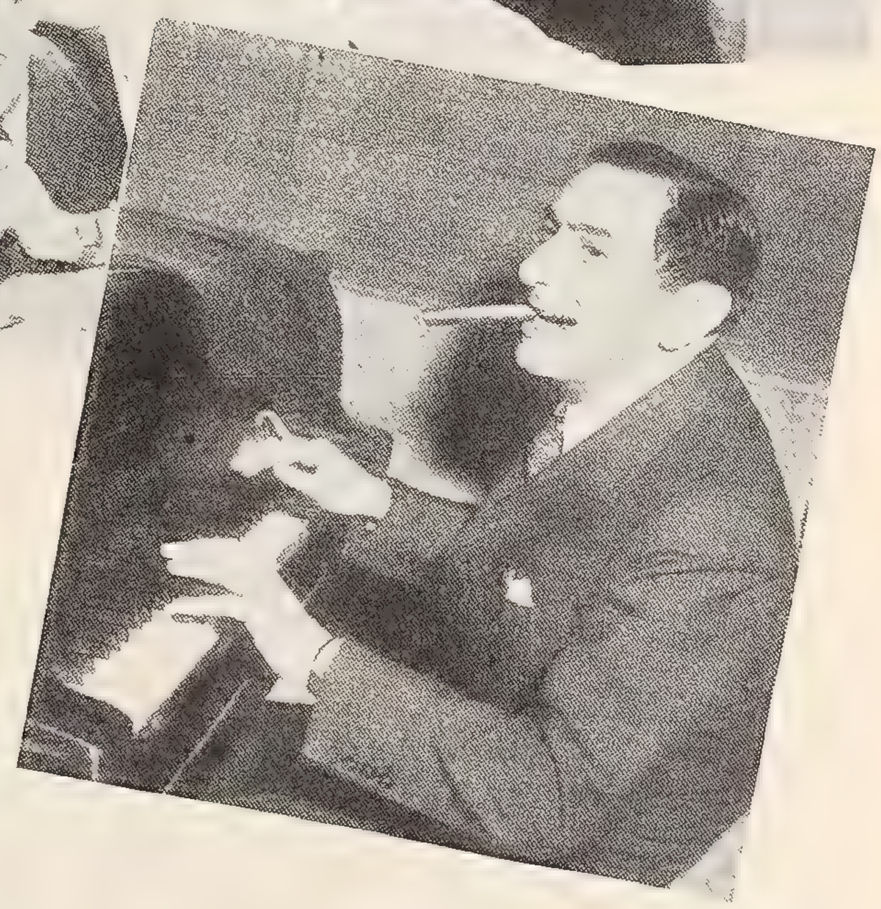
She Walks in Beauty

Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marian in "The Adventures of Robin Hood" gives us the most beautiful portrait of the month

Glamor Master







The supreme showman of screen-sophistication shown in action, at left. Between scenes, right, he dreams up clever situations at his piano. Above, with the co-stars of his latest comedy, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"—Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert. Top right, Gary and Claudette in action, with David Niven the victim.

Lubitsch defines the directorial technique which makes his merry pictures world-famous

By
Maude Cheatham

ERNST LUBITSCH, Hollywood's dynamic producer-director, and I were talking in his study at the Paramount studio. He was still under the spell of enthusiasm over his new film, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," which he had just finished, and he admitted that probably he wouldn't be able to talk about anything else because he was completely absorbed in it. This happens to be the sixty-seventh picture he has directed since his first two-reeler in Berlin, some twenty-three years ago, and never for a single minute during all this time has his interest failed, or his enthusiasm lessened.

Few successful people are happy. Either they are striving for new honors, or are dreaming of a time when they can leave their work and seek pleasures elsewhere. But this isn't the Lubitsch pattern, not at all. To him, every second of every day is a glorious adventure, and the lilt of his sheer joy of living gives his cinemas their appeal.

"Is it necessary," I asked Mr. Lubitsch, "that a woman know love and romance in order to portray these emotions on the screen?"

With a sly twinkle in his eyes, his reply carried the question, "Don't all women know love and romance?" Then he added, "Love naturally develops one's artistry, just as all deep emotional experiences enlarge the understanding. Acting deals with emotions, and an actress must learn the subtle shadings of her own feelings in order to make her portrayal so convincing that audiences will feel the heart beating under her words. That is, if she wants to become a star.

"The most precious quality any creative artist can possess is originality," he continued. "Beauty, glamor, mystery—three important requisites for an actress depend upon originality. I should say that none of these qualities can be created, or imitated; but definitely, they can be developed. Hollywood has many excellent actors and actresses, but a star, in a true sense, is a rarity. A star is a player who is able to *create* on the screen. More especially, create something new, or something so vital and definite that it appears to be new. Even the most glamorous personality must offer some original quality to sweep audiences and be proclaimed—a *star!*

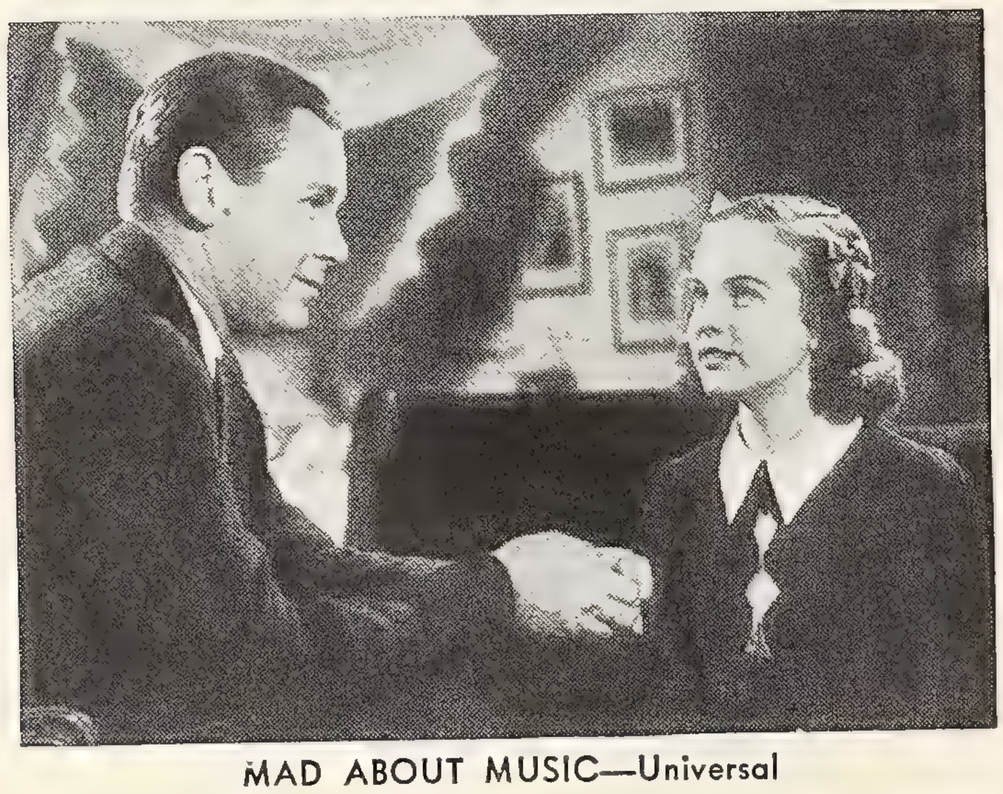
"The screen is making the world beauty-conscious, and it is also creating a new feminine beauty that doesn't depend on symmetrical features. There must be intelligence in the eyes, there must be culture and character in the voice to measure up to the new standard. I see a great change in screen audiences all over the world. They have outgrown the phony glamor and beauty that can be built with artificial eye-lashes, (*Please turn to page 93*)



THE ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO—
Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists

THE novelty of the screen season, to be seen by those of you who tire easily of current film fare, not that I blame you; but at the same time a most curious cinema, with Gary Cooper not always at ease in his highly stylized surroundings—not that I blame him, either. This time Mr. Goldwyn has done his picturesque pioneering even farther afield than usual, and the result, despite expensive settings, thousands of extras, and intermittent excitement, is a mixture of fantasy and melodrama at once bewildering and naïve. Don't get me wrong: I love the small-boy's-dream school of cinema adventure, but "Marco Polo" is neither good, robust melodrama nor clever satire, but a hesitant attempt to combine the two, which can't be done, even in small-boy dreams. The film first pictures Gary as a gay blade of old Venice, then transports him to the kingdom of Kublai Khan where he falls in love with the beautiful Princess and runs afoul of the cruel *Ahmed,* played to the elegant eyebrows by Basil Rathbone. There are moments when Gary Cooper is an endearing *Mr. Deeds* going to China, but mostly he is rather submerged by his unconvincing rôle. The newcomer, Sigrid Gurie, is a vision of complete loveliness as the Princess; you'll like her.

Reviews of the best Pictures by Delight Evans



MAD ABOUT MUSIC—Universal

DEANNA does it again! This marvelous child—and, I should add, her marvelous producer—manage the hitherto impossible feat of following two terrific hit pictures with a third which is even better. "Mad About Music" is grand entertainment—it's fun, it's musically engaging, and even important, when Deanna sings *Ave Maria* with a boys' choir—it's always in good taste, and it's never insipid. There must be magic at work here! Little Miss Durbin is almost too good to be true—now she has added an expertly sparkling comic talent to her other gifts, and some of her scenes are as rib-tickling in their sure sense of comedy as any ever played by Irene Dunne or Carole Lombard. Here she plays a school-girl in search of a father, and when Herbert Marshall turns up she grabs him, as who wouldn't, to supply the fatherly note in her lonesome little life—her mother, you see, is a movie glamor queen who can't afford to have a growing daughter hanging about. Deanna coaxes the sedate Mr. Marshall into the best scenes he's ever played, particularly his hilarious description of imaginary jungle perils. Even Arthur Treacher unbends. Helen Parrish, pretty newcomer, stands out. Gail Patrick is decoratively present. You'll enjoy it.



THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER—
Selznick-United Artists

A THOROUGHGOING treat for everyone who likes small boys and girls, Mark Twain, and high-hearted adventure—and that should include practically everyone except the old witch, and she hated even *Snow White.* First of all, a low deep bow to producer Selznick for his rare patience in pursuing the best possible *Tom Sawyer.* You know by now how he found him in the ingratiating person of Tommy Kelly; and the boy was well worth the chase. In selecting his other players Mr. Selznick has shown the same wisdom—for here is a perfectly cast picture. Little Ann Gillis as *Becky Thatcher,* May Robson as *Aunt Polly,* David Holt as *Sid,* Jackie Moran as *Huck Finn*—all very real, very lovable people, as guided by Director Taurog through the events which made Twain's book about an American boy a world classic. You'll chuckle at the famous episode of the fence-whitewashing; the *Sawyer-Thatcher* courtship, the runaway and the return in time for the funeral—and you'll thrill with the lost children in the cave, rejoice at the rescue. It's so human, so endearing, and so heartwarming that if you vote it your favorite film for a long time, I wouldn't blame you. Technically, it's superb, with most satisfying color so far.

Even Snakes Have Charm

The story of a girl who prefers to challenge, rather than use her charm, in the struggle for Hollywood stardom

By Frederick Stowers



Please Turn to Page 98 for Synopsis of Preceding Chapter

CHAPTER II

Marcia's glacial blue eyes had a frigid stare; she had forgotten that she wanted to be a grand lady—had forgotten that she was making a test—forgotten everything but the urge to be herself.

AT EIGHT o'clock that evening the little black-haired electrician was focusing his lights on a love seat while the cameraman trained his camera. Walter and Phil were seated in two director's chairs, awaiting Marcia's arrival.

Walter drew deeply on his cigarette, his mood surly. "You've got a hell of a nerve, persuading Sol to let you drag me out here at this time of night to make a test of some little Hollywood Bohemian wench that I've kicked off the set once today!"

"You'll never regret it, Walter," Phil said with an expansive grin. "I tell you, my good man, this girl will make a director of you."

"Make a director of me! Why, you irreverent, parasitical publicity leech!"

"Isn't the gentleman in swell alliterative form this evening?" Phil purred happily.

Walter consulted his watch. "Listen, Mr. Phil Burns—Sol or no Sol, I'm leaving in just three minutes. Got a date and I wouldn't be late because of the biggest star in pictures, much less on account of some unknown hussy. Why can't you complete your social arrangements with this dame without promising her a starring contract!"

"My dear Walter," Phil was deeply hurt, "you misjudge my intentions. I'd as soon think of becoming intimate with a queen bee. But this girl wouldn't even bother to sting you to death. She'd kill you with a look. When she focused those icicle eyes on me I went hot and cold all over, and she has a laugh that cuts like a knife. I tell you, my boy, she has the strangest personality I ever saw. There's never been anything like her in pictures."

Walter yawned. "And probably never will be."

"You'd wonder what kind of a life she'd led. One moment she has the stored-up venom of a cobra and the next she's dripping with honey. I've never seen a human half so bitter, or half so sweet. My God, man, doesn't that sound interesting?"

Walter was bored. "Sounds pure Hollywood tramp to me."

"But of course you haven't really seen her. You'll love her when you come to know her. She has all the characteristics you thrive on. You know you've always insisted that heavies and character people made a picture interesting, and that unless one had some of the snake or tiger in their system, they couldn't put it on the screen."

"So what?"

"So take yourself for instance. You were a knockout as a heavy. Why?"

"Listen, louse!"

"Well, God knows you're no angel and you hate softies. It's your antipathy for the usual sappy leading woman that made me sure you'd go for this girl in a big way."

Walter made a weary gesture. "All right, all right, jimber jaw, but where is she? I'm giving you just two more minutes."

Phil made a last desperate effort to sustain Swing's interest. "Think of the novelty of it, Walter—making a star out of a young character heavy woman. What a relief that would be. Not the usual cut and dried clothes horse with poise, elegance, and a mannequin's stride. But a regular she-alley cat; a woman who is frankly, unapologetically mean and proudly bitter. A woman as definitely and defiantly hard as a gun moll—at war with the world—a human soul in travail. Can't you see something pathetically beautiful in that, something tremendous, compelling, sweepingly overpowering and inspiring? That's it—inspiring! One moment she inspires you to break her lovely damned neck and the next she inspires you to go through hell to break down the wall of indifference she throws about herself—just to win her approval—for the joy of one smile."

"Listen, publicity guy, as a barker you're not so hot. And, anyway, you don't have to sell me—I'm not your

public. But just where is this paragon of hellishness?"

And then Marcia entered, beautiful in a black velvet gown; as smilingly nervous as an ingénue, as sweetly simpering and ingratiating as a baby star. There was even something of the grand lady in her manner. She was in fact many things, but she wasn't, even remotely, the cold-blooded, softly treading alley cat Phil had advertised.

"Good evening, Mr. Burns." She was so gracious.

Phil took one look at her, then glanced feebly at Swing. Walter was preparing to leave the set. "My God," Phil cried in an agonized whisper, "she's gone lady on me!"

"You dirty lying publicity buzzard!"

"Ah, Walter, for Pete's sake, have a heart." Phil caught his arm. "Wait! I've got an idea. Get the lights ready and be prepared to start shooting at any moment."

Walter nodded sourly and stood beside the camera as Phil approached Marcia with a genial smile.

"Good evening, Miss Court. This is Mr. Swing, the director."

"Oh yes, I met Mr. Swing this morning."

"Hail and farewell," Walter growled.

"May I apologize for my rudeness?"

"Forget it. I hope to."

"Oh, but I'm sincerely sorry for what I did."

"We'll consider it didn't happen," Walter said with tired courtesy.

"That's sweet of you."

Walter looked bored. "Yeah, I'm that way."

Phil hastily broke it up. "You're all ready with your make-up, Miss Court?"

"Yes." She smiled, brightly eager. "Do you want me to make an entrance down the stairs?"

Phil gave a violent start. "No! No, this isn't to be a moving test. It's just for voice and personality. If you'll be seated over there."

Marcia didn't merely sit; she swooned into the love seat like a gently nodding orchid. Phil and Walter exchanged a glance. Then Phil spoke to Marcia with elaborate courtesy, "Would you mind if I started by asking you a few questions, Miss Court?"

"Certainly not."

"First, I'd like to know if you were putting on an act this morning, or if you're putting on an act now?"

"An act?" Her brows rose delicately.

"This morning you were a wild cat; now you are very, very much the lady. Which are we to regard as your true personality?"

"Really, Mr. Burns," she said prettily, "I'm a person of many moods."

"I see," Phil said grimly. "Temperamental?"

"Oh no," she said hastily, "not unpleasantly so, I assure you; only artistically."

"Ah! It's just the artist in you."

"I suppose so."

"Well, we'll skip that for the moment. Have you ever had any speaking parts, either on the stage or screen?"

"No," she admitted reluctantly.

"But you do have a sincere desire to become an actress?" he urged gently.

"Yes."

"And you have confidence in your ability to act?"

Again her brows raised in delicate surprise. "Yes, I have."

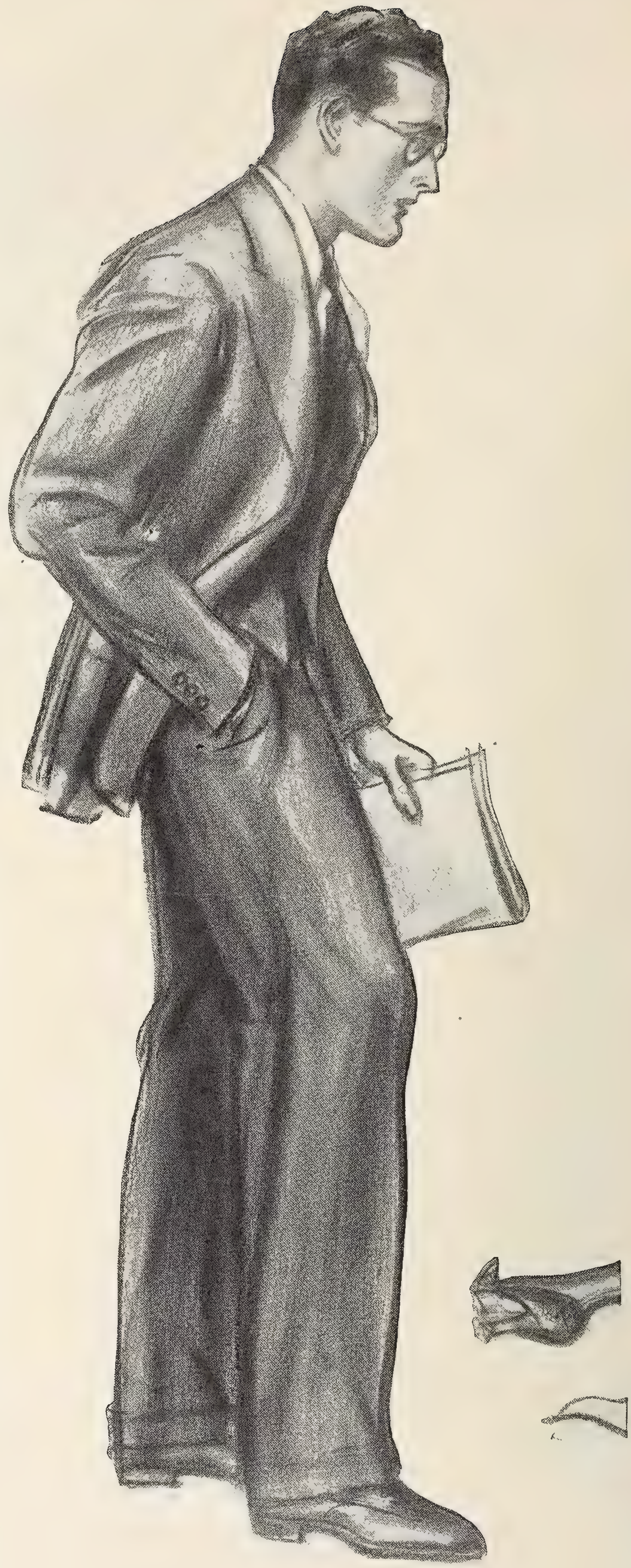
"But you'd naturally want to portray the characters to which you were best suited?"

"Of course."

"And you do believe that we, because of our experience, should be able to judge which of these characters you should be?"

"Yes—naturally."

"All right, then," Phil said brutally, "let's forget the velvet gown and the grand staircase entrance, together with the wish to become a lady, and get down to cases."



"I beg your pardon," Marcia said, with a first showing of coolness.

Phil continued, lashing at her with biting contempt, "Please understand I didn't ask you to come here to make a test because I thought you could ever become the conventional type of leading woman. And I didn't ask Mr. Swing, the most important director of Pacific,

to make a test of an average extra girl, the height of whose ambition is to strut grandly in a black velvet gown in a vain effort to simulate the graces of a lady."

Phil's baiting was having the desired effect. Marcia had forgotten that she was making a test. She had forgotten that she wanted to be a grand lady—she had forgotten everything but the urge to be herself. The glacial blue eyes had a frigid stare; the corners of her mouth were drooping and her real character was as evident as her entrance had been artificial. Swing signaled to the cameraman and the camera started.

"I don't think I quite understand you, Mr. Burns," she said, her words like slowly dropping chunks of ice.

"I don't think you quite do," Phil said with suppressed excitement. "But the idea is beginning to percolate, Miss Court, and in just a moment I'm sure that you and I are going to be in perfect accord for the purpose of this test. What I am trying to say is this: When I heard you laugh at Miss Barrett's misfortune I thrilled with a fascinated horror at the quality of that laugh; and when I later saw you descend the staircase I realized that in even so simple and natural an act, it was impossible for you to hide the sinister characteristics of your nature and, instead of coming down like a lady, as you no doubt fondly thought, you moved with the tread of a panther.

"What!"

"Please don't interrupt, Miss Court, and don't misunderstand me. I wasn't disappointed—I was delighted. I could see in you a new and distinct type of leading woman, who, because of her low origin and unfortunate upbringing—"

"I'll have you understand—!"

"Be quiet! I could see that you were hard and uncompromisingly bitter; that you were inherently and instinctively tough, with a heart of marble and the soul of an alley cat."

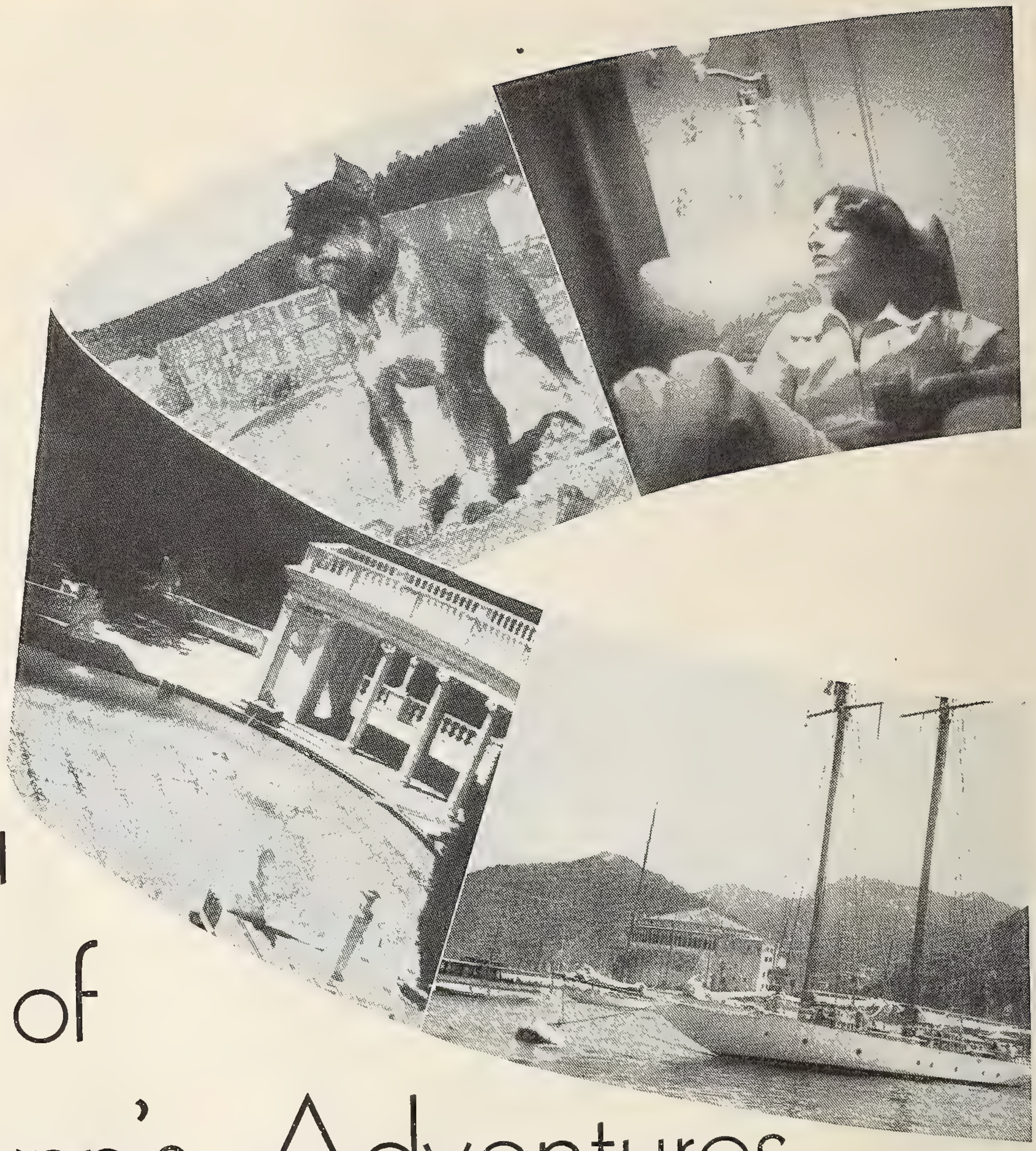
"If you brought me here to insult—" (*Please turn to page 98*)



To Phil and Swing the fact that Marcia had fainted was of no moment. The one thing that held them enthralled was her tremendous personality, her sensational artistry, revealed in her own peculiar way in that outburst of anger.

Illustrated by
Lloyd Wright

"It's all luck when I get a good camera shot," says the star of screen and real-life romance. But Flynn says "luck" about everything he accomplishes — even his stardom—so you can be sure there's good advice on how to have fun with a camera here



By
Ruth Tildesley

Camera Record of Errol Flynn's Adventures

"IT'S all luck," said Errol Flynn, with a shrug. "Taking pictures is just like life. If you get the breaks, that's fine! If you follow the rules and don't have luck, your picture's a dud—or mine is, at any rate.

"I never took the slightest interest in cameras—in spite of working in front of them for several years—until last year when I went to Spain. My best friend, who went with me, surprised me by giving me a little camera to make a record of the trip. I had never worked a shutter before. I knew nothing about pictures—speed, focus, lighting or anything—all I could do was put in the film, click the shutter, and trust to luck.

"Because we were in Spain, we couldn't even find out whether or not what we had shot was good. We couldn't get anything developed until we got out of the country. But we went ahead, shooting what we saw, and when we got out, only two out of dozens were bad.

"That gave me camera fever. We got some swell shots. I wish I could find them for you, but I haven't the least idea what I did with them. Maybe they'll show up one of these days. I learned from that trip whenever I merely went ahead and shot without a lot of fuss, ten to one the stuff was good. But if I listened to experts and tried to follow their advice, the stuff was lousy.

"That may be because I have no patience!" He smiled, that devil-may-care smile that seems to get the girls. He was looking his best, debonair and delightful in the character of the gay reporter in "All Rights Reserved."

"If you have patience, I'm told you can stand around deciding exactly how you will frame each shot—that means how much you'll take in and where foreground, background and central interest belong. But as a rule, when an exciting shot appears, I'm in too much of a hurry to go into all that. I shoot and take the print later on, cut off foreground or whatever is necessary to 'frame' the shot.

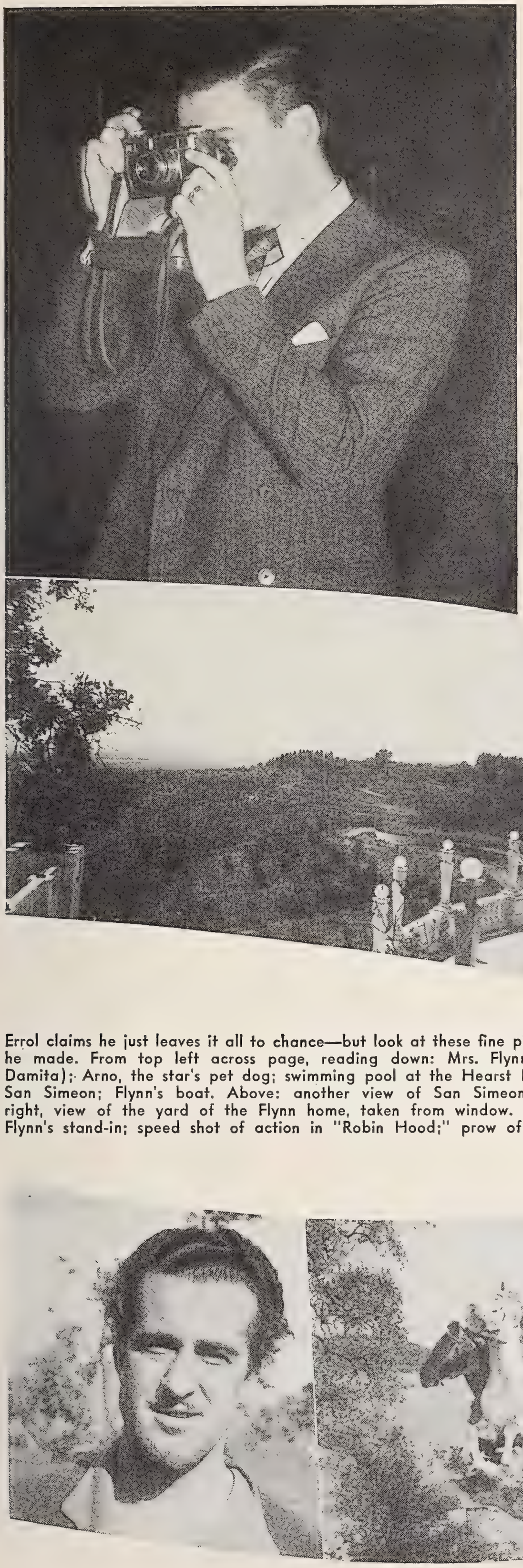
"Take this picture of my dog. He hates to pose. You have to fool him into it by pretending you're about to throw a ball or a stick. There'd certainly be no time to bother with 'framing' him if you ever hoped to get him on the film.

"I don't much care about shooting people. Unless they happen to be doing something interesting. Either they get tired before you have located them in the lens, or else they look *blah* with the effort of posing."

The assistant director began to moan for "Errol," and the actor joined Rosalind Russell before the movie cameras. Rosalind, believe it or not, was wearing a man's felt hat slanted back on her curls, a very blousy blouse, a red-white-and-blue plaid skirt, short and full, and a pair of white furry bedroom slippers, and succeeding in triumphing over the outfit.

The scene ended with Errol kissing Rosalind and inviting her to "come up and interview him sometime," to which she replied: "Thanks for nothing, you big lug!"

"I don't bother taking shots on sets in a picture like this one," he observed, returning, "There's nothing particularly attractive pictorially about a newspaper office.



On 'Robin Hood,' costumes and action look exciting. I liked these two shots of riders and horses. I might point out the way the white horse is shown up against the black one in this shot—but it wasn't premeditated. It was luck."

"Excuse me."

Two anxious-looking gentlemen with hat boxes loomed beside us. Errol was to select a hat to wear in the picture—and they exhibited their headgear—Homburg, derby, English felt.

"I hate hats!" pronounced Errol, "I never wear one."

Director Michael Curtiz appraised the millinery, thoughtfully. "Terrible!" he sympathized. "Why don't you wear something like mine?" He offered a brown soft felt. But Errol waved it away. "No—that's terrible, too. All hats are terrible! Take them away!"

Going back to the cameras, he admitted that beginners make the same mistakes.

"They put the film in wrong, they forget to take off the cap, they forget to pull out the lens, and they never change the speed or focus," he said, "Let me show you my camera—"

"Excuse me."

This time it was the tailor, a little man with a tape measure over his shoulders. He wanted to know what was the trouble with Errol's overcoat.

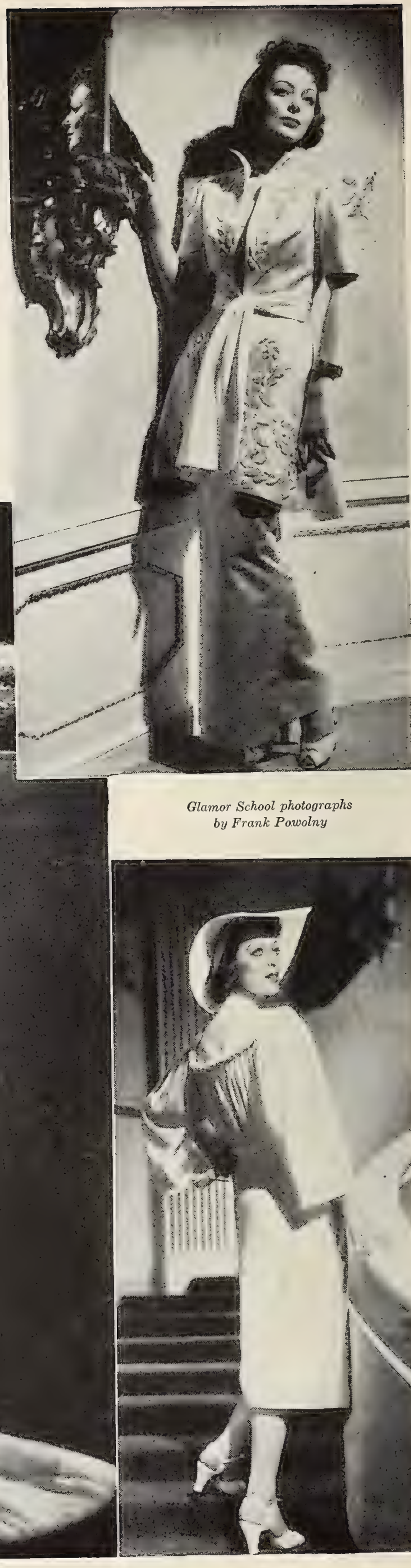
"It sticks out at the neck," complained the actor, "and there's no button inside." He tried the offending garment on, and pointed out its shortcomings. The tailor clucked sympathetically and promised reform.

(*Continued on page 97*)

Errol claims he just leaves it all to chance—but look at these fine pictures he made. From top left across page, reading down: Mrs. Flynn (Lili Damita); Arno, the star's pet dog; swimming pool at the Hearst Ranch, San Simeon; Flynn's boat. Above: another view of San Simeon, and right, view of the yard of the Flynn home, taken from window. Below: Flynn's stand-in; speed shot of action in "Robin Hood;" prow of boat.

SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by *Loretta Young*



Subtle draping distinguishes Loretta's white jersey gown, below. The sculptured effect is obtained in the bodice and at the waistline by drawing the soft material through jewelled rings. Loretta's sumptuous ermine wrap is lined in cerise silk. At right above, Loretta's white slipper-satin dinner ensemble challenges the eye by means of silver embroidery done over heavy padding, so that the design of acorns and oak leaves stands out in carved relief on the tunic jacket. At lower right, ensemble for afternoon, interpreting the vogue for all-white.

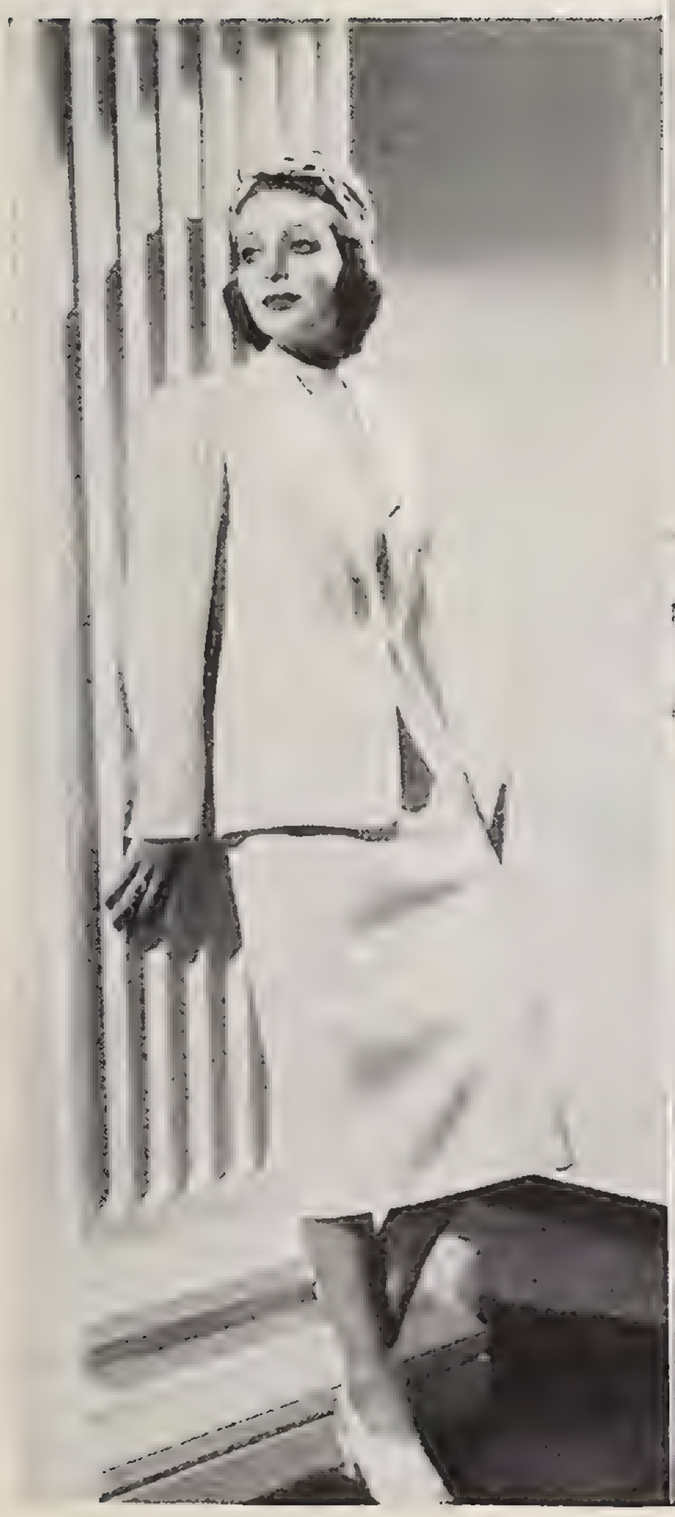
Glamor School photographs by Frank Powolny



Hollywood's Best-Dressed Girl gives us first glimpse of her new elegance

Below, gown for an exquisite—and only for an exquisite!—is Loretta's "Rio de Janeiro," fashioned of white chantilly lace with the pattern outlined in tiny gold sequins. The long sleeves are decidedly new for this type of dress. The frothy-full skirt is worn over a wide horsehair petticoat. At left, allure—evidenced in every line of Miss Young's black chiffon evening gown. The apparently strapless bodice is supported by a yoke of flesh soufflé with starched leaves of the material outlining the bodice top. Draped from the shoulders is a long scarf of the chiffon. Now, flitting from the sublime to the starchly crisp, we look at Loretta's white suit of novelty wool, pictured at lower left, with its blouse of bright canary-yellow linen and a striped cotton turban in green and yellow to point up the outfit. All these lovely clothes were designed by Royer of 20th Century-Fox Studios for Loretta Young to wear in her new film, "Four Men and a Prayer."







White chiffon is a particular pet of Claudette Colbert, and here, at left, she poses in her evening gown designed by Travis Banton. The flattering, high bodice with seductively wide shoulder straps stresses an entirely new note. The skirt is a soft, sweeping bias sheath over a clinging slip of white crepe. Claudette's jewels are a modern arrangement of diamonds and rubies. At right, the minaret silhouette is suggested in a gown of black tulle. Black and gold metal discs provide a new type of glitter for the tunic. Bows of the black tulle are on the shoulders.





Current Chic by Colbert

Claudette is most conservative of all Hollywood's smart stars, so her style slants are of special interest to women who eschew the spectacular in clothes

The lure of lace! And the very special lure of fine white lace forming a hooded cape for Summer evenings, is shown at right by Claudette. The cape is caught at the throat by a double jewelled clip. Colbert wears the cape in her new picture, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." A Travis Banton design.

Eugene Robert Richee

Blouses that Bloom in the Spring!



William Walling

Pretty Mary Carlisle has invested in a veritable blouse wardrobe to brighten up her Spring suit of navy blue twill. Above, Mary's favorite blouse of claret-colored handkerchief linen with vertical rows of white stitching, and high neckline finished by a bow. Below, dark red linen with five perky bows stitched in white for accent. Left, overblouse of salmon-colored transparent crepe.









Top left, Mary's wisp of white batiste with dainty pin-tucked collar edged in lace. Next, navy blue handkerchief linen makes a smart blouse with small pearl buttons matching the triple rows of stitching. At left, bright blue linen, with tailored linen sleeves and tiny pearl studs.



For More than Money!

Spencer Tracy values big rôles more than big money! His new contract calls for both, as you learn in this exclusive interview by Tracy's confidant and his best friend among Hollywood writers

By S. R. Mook



Tracy is one of those Hollywood rarities: a successful actor who is still simple and unpretentious. At right, see him at his ranch. Below, he smiles across the page at his brother Carroll, who is also his business manager.



JAMES CAGNEY once referred to him as the finest actor on the American stage or screen. He comes pretty close to being just that. Ask any actor or actress in Hollywood who their favorite star is and the chances are nine out of ten they'll tell you "Spencer Tracy." His selection for the 1938 Academy honors was the signal for burst of approving applause by fellow screen artists that was unprecedented in the history of these annual Awards for "best performances."

I've often wondered what lay behind this united front on this one subject when usually Hollywood opinions are as sharply divided as those at a peace conference. I think I have the answer. Every actor in Hollywood strives for naturalness. Because Spence is fundamentally one of the most natural and sincere people I have ever met, only naturalness and sincerity come through on the screen.

Not long ago when he was cast in an important picture he moped over the assignment for weeks. "What the devil's the matter with you?" I asked. "That's going to be one of the big pictures of the year."

"So what?" he countered. "In the first place, the star is a woman and the story is written around her so I'll get what's left. I don't mind that. If I'm any kind of actor I can make a run-of-the-mill part come to life. I don't mind her part being fatter or larger than mine. I'd a lot rather people would leave a theatre wishing they

had seen more of me in the picture than have them go out feeling they had seen too much. The thing that upsets me about this picture is that that girl is such a *phony*. And it all comes through in her portrayals!"

I met Spence when he first came to Hollywood and we have been pretty close friends ever since. It has been an interesting character study, watching his changing and shifting viewpoints about various things.

Once when I first knew him we were sitting in his living room. Through the French windows could be seen the rolling lawns with their flower beds at the far end. In the garage and on the driveway stood a couple of expensive cars. He waved his arm to embrace the room, the lawn, the cars. "All this," he announced, "is very bad for an actor. An actor's life should be one of hardship. All this luxury softens him—unfits him for his real work (the stage). When you go back to the stage—and all of us will go back eventually—you find you have lost the common touch."

It never occurred to Spence in those early days of the talkies that he was to become a Hollywood fixture.

Recently when we were gabbing I mentioned the conversation to him. "I know," he nodded. "I did feel that way then. I was like everyone else who came from the stage to the screen. We didn't know anything about screen technique. We looked with contempt on it and only wanted the money. I'd had pretty tough sledding and the idea of drawing what seemed to me a stupendous salary, and drawing it regularly, was too good a thing to be overlooked. But I always figured that as soon as I had all my bills paid and a little money laid by I was going back to New York. It never occurred to to me the studio would *want* to keep me out here."





Spencer and Louise, his wife, are shown above on a vacation trip. At left, the Tracy ranch home in San Fernando Valley, where "Spence" likes to loaf with his family. You'll see him soon in "Test Pilot" with Clark Gable.

"But you don't feel that way now?" I queried.

He shook his head. "No. I had enough money laid by when I left the old Fox Company to have gone back if I'd wanted to. But the more I learn about pictures—the more I work with some of the big directors—the more I realize what really fine things can be done in pictures.

"I think 'Captains Courageous,' for instance, is as fine as anything that has been done on the stage. *You* didn't like the picture. If you had said you didn't like *me* in it that would have been all right. I could have understood and forgiven you for that. But when you say you didn't like a splendid picture like that I resent it. I don't believe there is any stage director in the world who is any better than Victor Fleming."

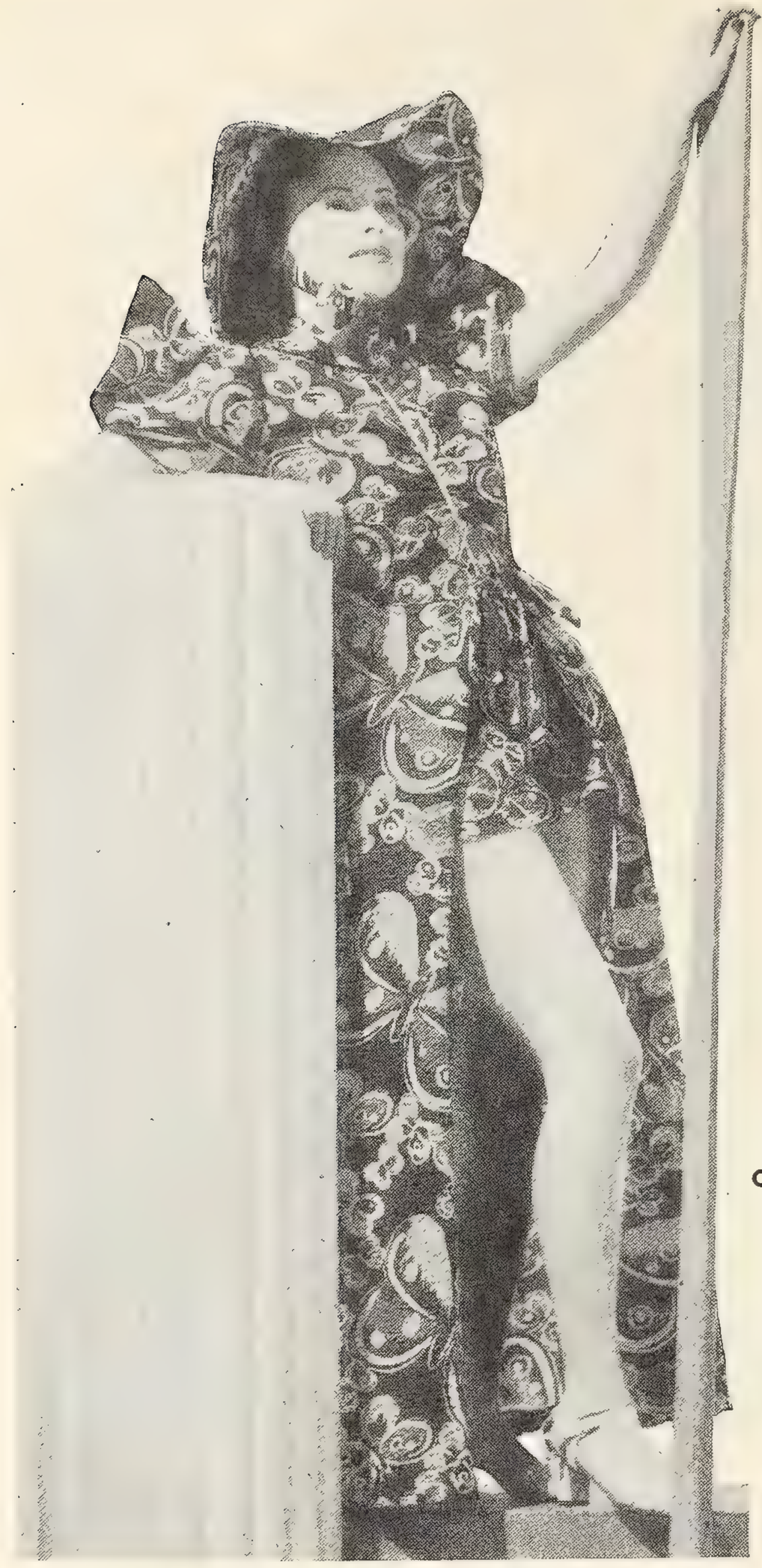
"OK," I agreed. "Everybody else liked the picture so I must have been wrong. We'll pass that. But what about all this luxury that softens actors?"

"Well," he muttered, "maybe it does. But I realize now how much good can be done with all the money you make out here. Look at (*Please turn to page 76*)

HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

Camera and News Shots of the Star Parade

By Weston East



Venus de Hollywood, 1938! As a model of current screen styles for figures, also fashions (playsuits are "it" now), Mary Brodel belongs on a pedestal.

BOB TAYLOR is paid $5,000 a week for being Metro's master-of-ceremonies on that radio hour every Thursday night. But he isn't just raking in the money haphazardly. When he isn't acting in a film he averages twenty hours of advance rehearsal; when he's doubling screen and air he gets in as much preparation as humanly possible. There were a thousand fans flocking around the stage door when Bob emerged last week from his broadcast. Hereafter he'll have to depart by a different door each time, to save wear and tear.

VIRGINIA BRUCE has to become more of an outdoor girl if she intends to be a pal to her new husband. She learned to play tennis for John Gilbert's sake, and currently she's about to take up horseback riding for her new director bridegroom's smiles. He plays polo and he has eight ponies on his personal string. He's bought a polo pony for Virginia. "It's being trained," she explains, attempting to hide the fact that she's scared silly of horses. "When it's ready, I'll begin!"

HEPBURN hasn't reformed, even though she's let the public in on her sense of humor via her latest film releases. She's still turning up her nose at all writers who want to interview her. At Columbia her attitude is all the more marked, for Joan Blondell was the visiting star before Katie and hit an all-time high in personal popularity. Irene Dunne, Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, and Madeleine Carroll have dropped in at this studio for single pictures. All are gracious, with Madeleine being voted the nicest to work with until Joan bowled everyone over with her thoughtfulness.

WHILE she was waiting for M-G-M to stir up a strong script, Joan Crawford tackled her singing lessons in typical style. Each morning Madame Morando, her regular teacher, came to her home in Brentwood for an hour's work. Each afternoon Joan reported at the studio for coaching by Rosenstein, Igor Gorin's musical guide. Rosenstein put her to singing arias from "La Traviata" with Douglas McPhail, featured operatic singer on Metro's radio hour. Years ago, when Jeanette MacDonald was cast in "The Merry Widow," Joan was disappointed. She'd wanted that assignment. She's still improving her singing, after all this time.

DICK POWELL, in his off periods, is going in for yachting in a serious way. He's entering the leading yacht races on the Pacific Coast and studying navigation. Do you suppose he got the urge at Annapolis, or when he was being a singing marine? It would be pleasant to think those Navy musicals he did had some such effect.

EDGAR BERGEN and Charlie McCarthy, though settled in a Beverly home, dream of a handy farm out where the other stars are ranching it up. "I've been reading of a one-man rancho," explains Bergen. The ad he clutched boasted of a back yard *deluxe,* with barbecue pit and patio, and only ten minutes from Hollywood. Which gives you an idea of just how rustic most of those farming stars are!

Heartiest laughs to be found on a recent tour of the lots turned up on "The Joy of Loving" set. See Irene Dunne and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., below, if you won't take our word for it.





Norma Shearer returns to the screen as MARIE ANTOINETTE; above, in a scene with Tyrone Power as COUNT FERSEN.

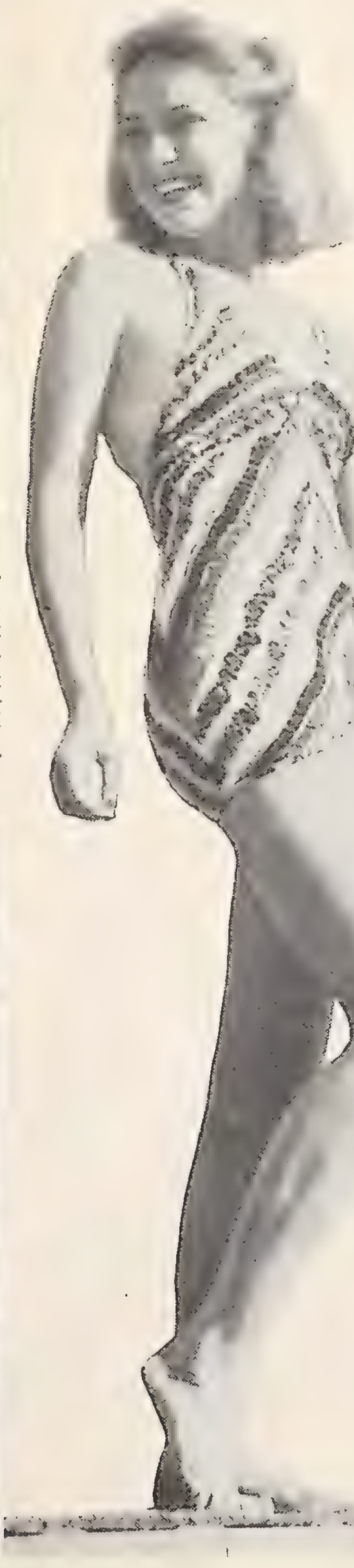
A long way from Hollywood—Europe, in fact—we find Claudette Colbert and her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, hemmed in by admiring crowds as they see Naples—and enjoy themselves, below.



trays a band boy in his latest epic and it's been so long since he's had a crack at an "A" picture that he's going to be a riot or else. He's working with Hepburn and Cary Grant.

FOR the past couple of months Olivia de Havilland, no less, hasn't had a date. She isn't nursing a blighted love, nor is she off men. She's tired. She's been working so steadily that she has to take dinner in bed when she gets home. But she's becoming drowsy over fashion magazines, and vowing that when she has a vacation she'll buy some gowns that'll be knockouts. When she owns the gowns she'll find time to step out in them, or else.

LEAVE it to Basil Rathbone. That new Georgian home of his isn't being built in the conventional manner. First he put in the terrace. Next the lot was properly fenced. The waterfall was third. The house itself comes last. "There's usually such a dismal mess around a new house," says Basil. "So I thought—why should there be?"



We persuaded Nan Gray to pause and pose before plunging for a swim. Shucks, anybody can swim, but not many bodies can look like Nan in a suit like that!

LEW AYRES hates to dance and has firmly stayed away from the popular night clubs. (This was a trial to both his wives, Lola Lane and Ginger Rogers. What was the use of evening gowns, they figured.) Recently he put in every night at the dance hall at Ocean Park, substituting for the drummer in the orchestra. Lew hasn't had a change of heart, but he por-





See what happens when boy meets girl's boy friend! Here's the story in pictures. First, left: Humphrey Bogart wants to know what Wayne Morris means by taking Priscilla Lane out. Next: Priscilla says she can explain everything, but—continued on the right.

NOW that Kay Francis has built herself a new home she's staging a wedding as its official house-warming. It'll be Kay's fourth, and with it she becomes a baroness. Baron Barnekow, who wooed and won Kay, was not, as many imagined, introduced to her by Delmar Daves, her long-time scenario writer flame and asked by him to keep Kay from getting lonesome while Daves was abroad. It turns out Kay met her heart at a party at Contess di Frasso's.

JUST before Marlene Dietrich made her last picture for Paramount her dressing-room was redecorated lavishly to please her. Where it wasn't satin and suede and fringe, it was all mirror. Joan Bennett—who's dating Walter Wanger with a "chaperone" because he stars her and his divorce isn't final—has inherited the elegance. First order was—*out* with the flock of mirrors! Joan doesn't want to gaze admiringly at herself all the time.

SONJA HENIE is back at work in Hollywood. She'll make two pictures this year, at $200,000 salary apiece. Having already collected a splashy sum from her personal appearance skating exhibitions, she can afford to contemplate a new romance.

NORMA SHEARER continues to concentrate on her return to the screen, and when Norma concentrates there is really little time for anything that would sidetrack her. Consequently, her social whirling has been scant. She's given a couple of small, informal dinners at home, showing a movie afterwards. Norma has no intention of leaving the beach house where she and Irving Thalberg were so happy. She hasn't redecorated; carrying on means remembering to her. When she steps out it's with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a neighbor, or David Niven, once the beau of Merle Oberon, her dear friend. (Merle, over in London, has a striking tendency for an amateur golf champion there.) But the other evening when Norma dined at Joan Crawford's she specifically chose David instead of Doug. The occasion was Franchot's birthday and there's tact in not bouncing in chummily with the head of the house's predecessor.

THE "Go East" plan is gaining momentum; will be adopted even more widely if John Preston, latest Hollywoodian to give it a try, comes back to pictures as a "new bet" from Broadway. John, whom you've probably seen in action pictures, like "Beast of Borneo," has been in Hollywood 2 years; made 12 features. Tired of the typing, John lit out for Broadway, will take a part in a stage play, and see if he can get, via New York, the kind of contract not available when a player gets into that taken-for-granted spot so many actors face after they've been around the film studios for some time. John, whose real name is Andrew Jackson Rylee (claims direct from *the* Andrew Jackson, by the way) hails from Texas, got into pictures via the football gridiron, though he had acted in stock in the Southwest. That was before he was signed up for the famous Olympic Club football team in San Francisco. He was Jack Rylee then, former Texas U star and ex-actor. Tall, he's six-two in socks, athletic and handsome, John was a "natural" for outdoor leading man rôles. So much a "natural" he was kept at

Will Hollywood "discover" him again? Below, John Preston, cowboy star, said he was fed up with horse opera, and set out to return to the stage to prove he can act as well as ride.





Dorothy Lamour and Ray Milland leave the South Seas of "Her Jungle Love," but continue screen romance under southern skies, in "Tropic Holiday."





The two boys who like the one girl, aren't in the humor to get acquainted and be pals, so Humphrey Bogart and Wayne Morris just glare when Priscilla Lane introduces them, above. Right, now everybody's sore. It happens in "Men Are Such Fools." It would!

it too long, he thinks. Anyway, he was in New York only a day or so when offers for screen tests were made. He said no—he'd do a play first—and get "discovered."

JANE WITHERS is the only child star who hasn't been the victim of a law suit as soon as the star salary started. Shirley Temple was sued by her first agent. Freddie Bartholomew is acting for peanuts, comparatively; he'll get $100,000 during 1938 and after he pays his taxes and pays off his lawyers he'll have just $4,000 left in the bank. Tom Kelly now gets $100 a week, which landed him on the front pages; it seems his pa has only been allowing his grandma $3 a week and wants more. Edith Fellows has been to court to get her new deal for $300 a week legalized; a year ago her career was imperiled when her mother sued her grandmother for her guardianship. The grandmother, who raised Edith under great difficulties, won the right to keep her. Edith also has been sued, by her former singing teacher; he wants $1999.99 and he doesn't plan on settling for a cent less.

The quaint and the modern! Jeanette MacDonald in costume for "Girl of the Golden West" is seen below in the doorway of her portable dressing room—built on wheels—on location.

FINALLY Alice Faye has had time to pick out a honeymoon house. She and Tony Martin settled at the elegant Sunset Tower for they had no chance to go choosing around. But when they finished their last pictures they went domestic with a wow! "The neighbors objected to our practicing our singing," Alice mutters when you quiz her on why she gave up the apartment. She's really sentimental beneath her calm attitude towards her marriage. She wanted a house where she could order the meals and be a wife in grand style, just like a movie heroine. Tony personally sees to it that there are always fresh flowers; he knows they give her a glow. When she was a chorus girl she dreamed of such a luxurious finale.

SAM GOLDWYN never recovered from the cracks about the failure of Anna Sten. Figuring that if one method flops, the opposite slant should be a click, he kept Sigrid Gurie out of sight. She was to burst upon an awaiting Hollywood at the preview of her adventures with Gary Cooper in ancient China. But, after two years of waiting to mix with the other stars, it would have to be that very week that Sigrid would come down with a severe cold.

LATEST from the Gene Raymond-Jeanette MacDonald front: Jeanette has thrown away her swell riding habits and now rides blithely in blue coveralls. Now she even presents hilarious impersonations. You should see her do Garbo.

THE stardom conferred upon sisters Priscilla and Rosemary Lane hasn't turned their heads. They drive their new cars (Fords) without any nonsense such as chauffeurs. They are agog whenever they sight a film celebrity, instead of being self-conscious about their own luck. But here's the piece de resistance: they still share the same bedroom. They have a spare room, but they reserve it for guests. When their sister from Chicago goes home Wayne Morris hopes he'll rate a week-end invitation. He's practicing up on his manners and riding, for Priscilla—his'n, he hopes—is a female Buck Jones. The fellow who loves her has to love a horse.





Putting the clinch on a love scene for "Kentucky Moonshine," are Tony Martin and Marjorie Weaver, above, a new romance team we think you'll like.

Adventures in Perfume

Consider perfume as a definite costume accent. Here are notes on how to choose—how to use

By Courtenay Marvin



Perfume preferences: Right, Miriam Hopkins sprays a mist over her curls. Below, versatile Gracie Allen is an ardent collector and gives her exhibition a dramatic setting, while Cecilia Parker is a devotée of gardenia. The spray method is highly approved.





"THE orchid has a special place in my perfume affections. Once, in the early days of my career, I had a terrific attack of stage-fright. For a moment I was completely overcome, then I became conscious of the warm sweetness of my perfume. It seemed to reassure me and restore my poise, and so this fragrance has a definite meaning for me." Thus reminisced Irene Dunne one time when we were talking about perfume.

Your perfume should do two things. First, it should create an effect upon you. This is most important. And second, it should create an effect upon others. The inspirational and up-lifting effect upon the wearer is great. Fragrance can change a mood instantly; it can give you confidence, a sense of happiness, beauty and well-being. Stars know this and that is why they have individual perfume loves. It is a subject on which they like to expand, usually with some anecdote or personal experience, and many of them are perfume collectors. They collect hundreds of odeurs in beautiful bottles and get as much pleasure from these collections as others hobbyists do from their stamps, rare books, or whatever their inclination.

Perfume is a sentimental thing. It has great power to make and revoke memories. There is hardly a girl ruminating over some lost or retained beau who will not recall that on important moments she wore this or that perfume. And how a whiff from some long packed-away garment brings a forgotten picture before our eyes. And men, too, find a strange stirring of memory in perfume. Because perfume becomes a person. Norma Shearer has expressed a fondness for lilac, because it reminds her of her Canadian home when she was a very young girl. Margot Grahame tells me she would not make a picture without using a particular perfume, according to the mood of the character she is playing. Strangely enough, in "The Informer," she used English lavender, perhaps because this is associated with her native England. Claire Trevor likes sweet pea; Carole Lombard, Mary Carlisle, and Alice Faye are gardenia devotées, while Simone Simon likes a type that breathes the lush sweetness of a forest on warm days, and Miriam Hopkins likes fresh, breezy scents. Loretta Young's favorites are blends of soft mystery, so that you never know quite what she is using, and Rosella Towne has revived the fad for scented rose beads, a favorite of a past generation.

We are told that perfume should express our personality. That is right, but how many of us know our own personalities well enough to make them good guides?

Why not choose perfume according to costume colors? Since your warm weather wardrobe will probably boast a number of the new and gorgeous tones, to carry out this idea, you'll need several perfumes. Well, here's the solution to that. Fortunately, the finest perfumes may be had from junior sizes, well within our budgets, to large sizes in containers that are works of art, themselves. A collection of the junior sizes gives you a perfume wardrobe without extravagance. So suppose you're wearing one of the new pinks—and practically everyone will be—then you might try some of these florals: Geranium rose, a lovely thing. And I happen to know one eau de Cologne of this variety that makes a fine daytime perfume; a true rose, not over-used and very, very romantic and feminine; carnation, which goes beautifully with your tailored jacket, reefer, spectator sports outfit and is also divine for dancing and roof gardens. Though a very sweet perfume, its spiciness prevents a cloying effect.

Perhaps you like the new blues, and they *are* something to get excited about! Muguet (lily-of-the-valley) seems the perfect accompaniment. Rumor points to a great popularity in this for the days ahead. I gather that it's headed for a fashion high-spot. It's fragile and wistful and at the same time exciting. And it seems to belong in morning, noon or night.

With shades of violet and soft green, a violet, lilac or sweet pea seem right.

Gardenia, camellia and jasmine, all somewhat related in their fragrance type, seem to belong with the chic that goes with black or white. This trio, too, is a smart perfume accent to crisp white piqué, organdy or lace accessories. And because the gardenia, especially, is so definitely this flower, when you wear a real gardenia boutonniere, don't make the mistake of using another perfume. This causes a distinct fragrance clash.

For high, brilliant colors, then an exotic blend seems the answer, and there are so many, designated by French names and phrases, Paris street addresses, numbers and plenty of good English provocative words. Just now I'm enjoying a French import with an English name. When I'm asked what I'm using, my answer makes a kind of joke.

Many of us will wear flowers, fruits and birds on our new hats, and we'll wear the fruit and flowers in jacket lapels and on our street and dancing frocks. Then there should be some relation between our accents from nature and our perfume.

On the point of direct personality, here's a thought that turns the usual "perfume for your type" tradition up-side-down. If you are the quiet, home type of girl, then use a very, very exotic, sophisticated perfume, and see if it doesn't help snap you out of your quiet reserve. Or, if you happen to be just too, too Dorothy Lamourish, try a soft floral—something reminiscent of flower gardens and quiet, pastoral scenes. The point of these suggestions is contrast.

Margot Grahame also gives another slant on perfume. "My greatest extravagance is perfume," she confessed. "I think it should be good, or it is better to use none. But today there are so many fine perfume dilutes, toilet water, eau de Cologne, essence, infusion and so on, all so lovely." You can use them lavishly after your shower with a satisfying sense of daintiness and light fragrance, confident that you will never be considered in bad taste in the most business-like of offices. Then, if you go on to personal engagements, the purse flacon answers the need for a little more glamor. For perfume can do so much for you. It can make you feel your best, and this confidence is at the root of actually looking and acting that way. So far as perfume is concerned, my sincerest advice is to pamper yourself in this respect. It pays!

Yours For Loveliness

Accessories That Highlight Your Very Best Points



Liquid Lip Tone is a new idea for lips that won't come off.

The daintiness problem usually finds an answer in Nonspi.

A LIQUID that tints your lips to rich warm color, that is greaseless and smearless, that does not rub off on table linen, cigarettes or the caressed cheek, sounds like a long dreamed hope come true. Lip Tone by Princess Pat is this — and more. In a container, small enough for purse carrying, you find an applicator that seems ideal for creating a clear, perfect lipline, a blessing in itself. Apply Lip Tone, let dry a second or two and marvel at the appearance and feeling of naturalness you achieve. Lip Tone does not dry lips; it seems a protector that keeps them soft and young. It stays in place remarkably long and comes in four beautiful shades. Above, you get an idea of what it's like.

The well-dressed nail wears Glazo in new Tropic hues.

Seamolds mean your best figure, comfort and chic.

Ching blue, coral or cream-white. In maillot or the style shown on our model.

THE right choice of an under-arm aid is often a problem. Women want it to do a number of things; to neutralize beyond doubt, to keep skin perfectly dry, to preserve clothing and be stingless in application. Nonspi deserves a high grading in these requirements. The most delicate and sensitive skins have enthusiastic words for Nonspi, so if this is your worry, do try it. A bouquet, too, to its neat, efficient bottle sketched. A perforated top eliminates dauber or cotton. In all such preparations, it is very necessary to follow directions carefully. You will discover that Nonspi is as quick and effective in application as in its gratifying results.

CHANGING nail polish, according to costume, occasion or mood, as you would other accessories, is just another thought for the girl with a true feeling for fashion, and a practical one, too, when you don't have to make too much outlay for a nail polish "wardrobe." Fortunately, you don't with the new Glazo Tropic, Congo, Spice and Cabana, all selected by fashion experts. The formula for this cream polish, too, has been brought very up-to-the-minute, with longer wear, ease of application and brilliant lustre assured. The well-known bottle is pictured above, filled with nail glamor for from dawn to dusk engagements.

PLEASE make this shopping note: "Look at Seamolds by Flexees." If the beach and swim situations have ever presented you with a figure problem, I think it's solved in these lovely swimsuits, for Seamolds are created on the principles of the finest foundations; they restrain or release where they should. A front and back panel flattens and smooths; that cleverly designed brassiere top will do the utmost for you here, mold and uplift if you are large, suggest graceful curves if you are small. Straps are adjustable in three lengths for full comfort; or wear them in criss-cross or halter style. In Lace Lastique or Silkspun in a self-design, or plain Satin Lastique. See the latter in

IF you enjoy coming across old beauty friends in new packages or containers, then you might like to know that Bourjois has made an attractive spring dress for Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne and matching perfume. There's an appealing soft mystery in these preparations that accounts for wide popularity, and the combination of the perfume and the milder eau de Cologne keeps your fragrance in harmony. The package mentioned makes a lovely gift for yourself or others and also a good bridge prize.

THE Kleenex Pastel Pack of generous, strong, yet soft, tissues is a smart idea for the hostess who likes a sense of color harmony in bath or on dressing-table. A choice of four colors come in a box with "window" front so you can see exactly what you want. The thoughtful hostess equips guest rooms with personal conveniences for over-nighters or week-enders, and the Pastel Pack enables you to distribute even cleansing tissues with a sense of color harmony appropriate to room or guest. For personal use, you can match tissue tones to your favorite cosmetic bottles or boxes, too. Besides the obvious uses for these tissues, they serve many others. They are sanitary for wiping the baby's mouth, for children's handkerchiefs and so on and so on. C. M.



At home! Mr. and Mrs. Joe Penner and their pet, by the pool.

Tops on Credit—Low on Cash

Continued from page 23

"I'm not grumbling about my present salary in itself. Anywhere in the world, except in Hollywood, it would be a handsome sum. But—"

But in Hollywood, you're expected, when you've "arrived," to keep up a star's front. Jon said ruefully, "Suppose I want to take Simone Simon or Andrea Leeds out dancing. Do you realize that it costs from $20 to $30 for the sort of evening you would want to offer such sought-after young ladies? Maybe that's why I'm buying my cars, *and even my clothes,* on the installment plan!"

To reduce the stark facts they must face to dollars-and-cents figures, we give you an itemized account of their cash problems. Thus, expenses, for either man or woman:

Credit Approx. salary: weekly		*Debit weekly*	*Balance*
$100.00			
	$10.00	agent	$90.00
	5.00	taxes	85.00
	2.50	relief fund	82.50
	15.00	rent	67.50
	15.00	transportation incl. car payments	52.50
	5.00	laundry, cleaning	47.50
	30.00	food, cigarettes, liquor, etc.	17.50
	10.00	fan photos, clipping service, publicity, etc.	7.50
	5.00	make-up, barber, hairdresser, etc., etc.	2.50

So the remaining $2.50 must cover such expenses and pleasures as contributions to family expenses, if any; insurance; savings; clothing; and for a feminine starlet, stockings; for a man, taking his girl out; club memberships, riding, golfing, swimming expenses (it costs $1.00 to swim in the Ambassador pool); incidental entertaining (allow $3.00 for lunch for two at Vendome or Brown Derby); Turkish baths and massage (almost necessity for man or woman after a strenuous day's work); personal maid, if any, secretary, etc., etc.

The expenses of a star aren't minimized by the fact that these youngsters have only just begun. There are agents' fees, taking ten per cent of that small salary. There are extra expenses for publicity. For fan photos. And sometimes, for assistance in answering the thousands of fan letters that pour in after one smash picture like "Kid Galahad" or "Hurricane."

There are advertisements in trade papers—pride alone forces you to take just as big an ad as your co-star, who may have been in Hollywood for several years, with constant salary raises. There are sometimes, for the girls, maids, secretaries, and other helpers, for if you devote every waking minute to acting and posing and training for a hit picture, you can't spend much time keeping your own clothes in order—or doing your housework! And through it all, for the first important year which, in Hollywood, can make or break you, you're earning no more than you might in some less hectic profession where your expenses would be *nil!* What's the answer? That's what the youngsters are wondering.

But before passing judgment on Hollywood for creating the problem, consider these facts. Each year Hollywood signs up hundreds of likely newcomers like Morris or Hall, Marjorie Weaver or Andrea Leeds. Sometimes they click; more often they play one or two small parts, in B production, and then drop out. Meantime, Hollywood generously gives them their chance, and spends small fortunes on voice lessons, dramatic coaching, publicity, make-up experts, photographers. And only once in a thousand times is this initial investment repaid as in the case of an Errol Flynn, a full-fledged star after his first picture, or an Alan Curtis, receiving national fan attention with a single performance!

Remember, too, that after they've proved themselves in several pictures, salaries are adjusted (sometimes at the studio's own suggestion) and the *low on cash* period is over. Until then—who knows?—even a Jon Hall may prove a flash in the pan, unable to sustain his success with another good performance!

Wayne Morris told me, "Frankly, I don't go in for much 'front' because I just can't see the sense of throwing money away. And no matter how little or how much I'm earning, I save part of it."

And this likeable youngster solves the problem by sternly forbidding himself all extravagances, contributes to the family income, and lives as modestly as he might in any other small town. Oh, yes, he's buying that yellow roadster on the installment plan!

Pat Knowles and his wife resorted, finally, to a business manager who gives them each a modest allowance and not a penny more. For an extra sum, whatever the lofty purpose, they must sign a special paper and then *wait thirty days* for the cash.

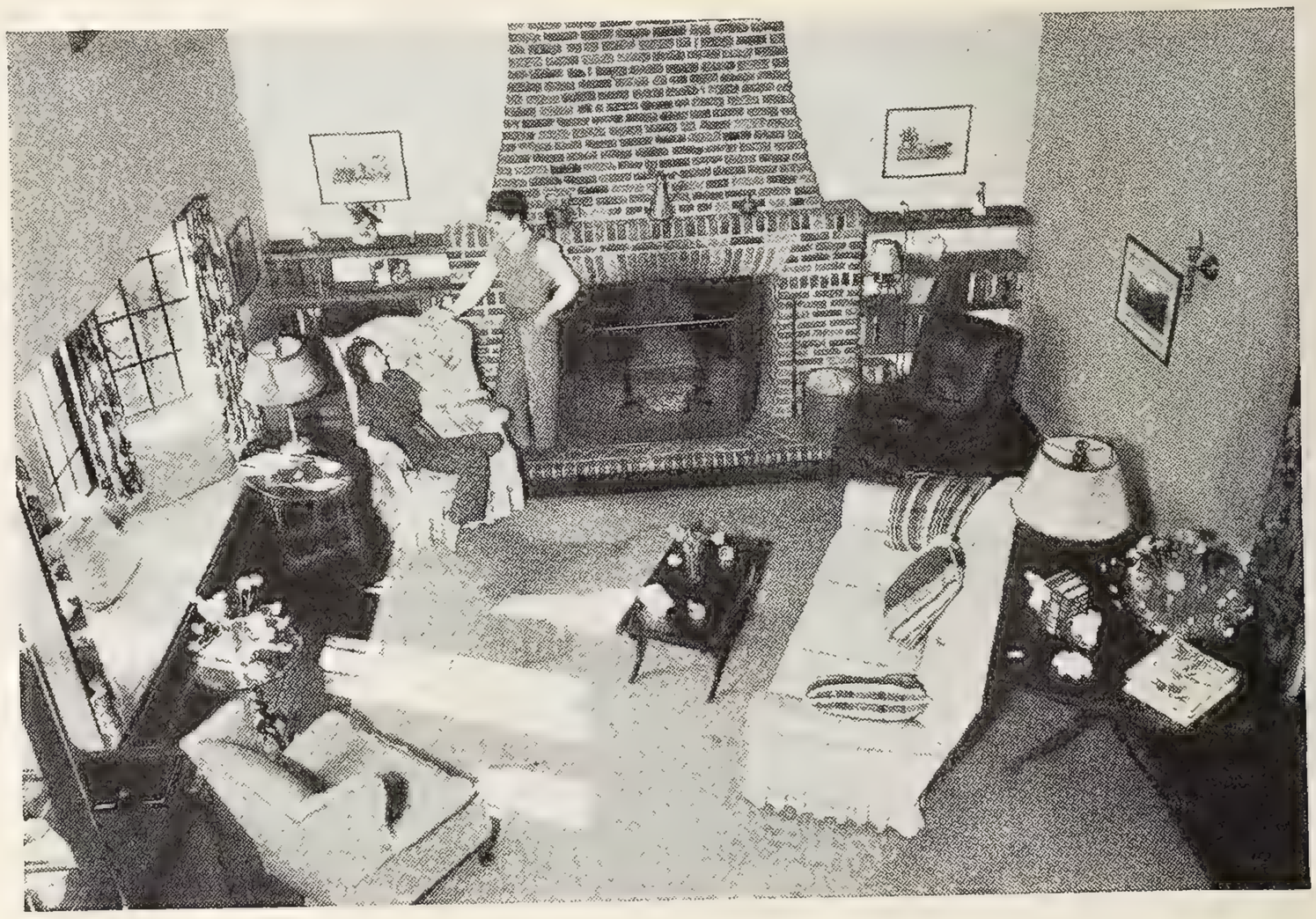
"When I first came over," Pat admits laughingly, "I thought being a Hollywood star was all pretty fine, and we moved right into Bill Fields' former home at $300 a month. Then came a rude awakening and *then* came the business adviser, who moved us right out of the mansion into a more modest place, star or no star!"

(After "Adventures of Robin Hood," the scouts are saying, even his own manager will be pretty deferential to this potent box-office threat.)

Mary Lou Lender, chosen by Harold Lloyd for "Professor Beware," found herself in difficulties when the lead in a smaller picture brought her unthought-of acclaim. If you've written her a fan letter, you may be still waiting for the answer. Secretaries, stamps, and stationery in large quantities cost money, and Mary Lou admits she is still in the small-bracket class financially!

"I call myself a typical Hollywood Cinderella," she smiles, "for whenever I'm photographed at the studio, I wear glamorous and expensive frocks—often borrowed from a leading department store. Then, at home, I go back to my own modest little numbers."

Alan Curtis admits frankly that he doesn't budget his income. "A person can't really save until he makes a salary," is the opinion of this handsome newcomer. "You don't really gain by doing so. Clothes are a necessity for a struggling actor, and when you spend money for them, it's like investing money in a business. If I do give way to the temptation of splurging once in a while, I balance things by staying home the rest of the week. And I don't go on week-end trips to Palm Springs or Arrowhead. Too expensive!"



Fireside chat! Harriet Hilliard, film and radio songbird, and her husband, Ozzie Nelson, popular orchestra leader, seen above in the living room of their Hollywood home.

Full-fledged stars who have passed through the *low on cash* period have excellent advice for those now in the throes. Dick Powell says earnestly, "You're darned right—it *is* a problem to keep up an appearance not warranted by your salary and yet demanded by screen popularity. At first I tried to do the things expected of a movie star; then I began using my head, and figured things from my own angle.

"For a young man, the toughest problem is in finding inexpensive places where you can take girls. The girl's first thought, naturally, is to wear her prettiest frock—and if you don't think quickly you find yourself sending flowers, suggesting dinner at the swankiest place in town, and then somewhere else for dancing, later.

"Think before you phone!" Dick advises. "It's possible to sell the girl on the idea that you're leaving the studio late and perhaps it isn't worth while to dress. Then—you've been waiting to see such-and-such a movie, and has she seen it? Then, afterward, it's possible in Hollywood to find some interesting—but inexpensive—spot for a bite of supper."

Maybe, for some, the *low on cash* period is good training, for you'll notice that Dick and his lovely wife, Joan Blondell, are decidedly not among the "heavy spenders" of the colony, and one of their favorite evenings is spent record-hunting at a Boulevard music store!

Bette Davis, another who graduated with honors, insists that newcomers are all wrong in considering "front" important. It just isn't so. "What you do on the screen—that counts!" says Bette unequivocally. (And only now, when she has truly arrived, in this popular star moving from her modest Hollywood cottage to a Beverly estate!)

Maybe that's why Bette's protégée, Jane Bryan, has solved her problem by living like an ordinary citizen. "I've never cared much about clothes, and to go out just once a week is enough for me. So my principal extravagances are records and books."

Nevertheless, Jane does admit a bit of amused embarrassment when the studio asked her to look especially lovely for a personal appearance. The budget was low so she avoided the high-priced shops, and rushed down to a wholesale place just like you and you and you. Then this twinkling new starlet had to borrow the proper accessories from a girl in the Warner publicity department!

Marjorie Weaver manages by sheer genius to stretch out her salary to cover any emergencies, and this wouldn't surprise the girls who were with her in the Kappa Kappa Gamma house at University of Indiana. There, on an allowance of $50 a month from home, Marjorie managed to look smarter than anyone else, even though many of her sorority sisters received princely sums from their wealthy families. Nevertheless, Marjorie avoids night clubs and such, and her idea of a good time is to take an erstwhile sorority pal, Judy Parks, on a "double date" to Los Angeles' Chinatown for Eggs Foo Yong. (Maybe it's easy for Marjorie to skip Hollywood dates, considering her secret marriage back in Illinois in October, which had the town guessing for weeks!)

Two rising stars in one family, Ann Sheridan and Ed Norris, can't even go extravagant when they combine forces. Purchasing a small ranch home in San Fernando valley, the Norrises decided to have the house remodelled, and then discovered with dismay that the family budget wouldn't stand moving to a hotel while repairs were under way.

Ann was resourceful. "Let's just sit it out," she suggested. So the Norrises, Hollywood starlets both, lived precariously in one room while the rest of the house was torn down and rebuilt around their heads.

That's the story of a few Hollywood youngsters who are struggling to make ends meet until salaries catch up with that elusive wench, Fame. Some of them are posing in clothes for fashion magazines—to receive free samples from the manufacturers. Others are dining at certain restaurants where celebrities receive liberal discounts. Skimping on this—saving on that—remember their experiences, the next time you start envying new Hollywood discoveries!

Maybe the studios should consider seriously the suggestion of a prominent agent, M. C. Levee. He handles such stars as Leslie Howard, Paul Muni, Joe E. Brown, Joan Crawford, and others, but he knows only too well the plight of the newcomers. He advises a "front fund" for the youngsters, to be held in trust at every studio as a drawing account for potential stars. That's one way of solving the problem!



Fine glassware is one of Billie Burke's proud home possessions.



Living graciously amidst the pastel colorings and lovely decorative objects of her home, the screen's deft comedienne, Billie Burke, is shown at her hearthside.

Animal Actors Draw Star Salaries

Continued from page 27

not be used in scenes where they were supposed to be of the original size.

It appears that, as soon as a studio begins to have difficulty in procuring a certain type of animal, all the animal owners in the country get wind of it, and a premium is immediately set up on the performer required. In the instance just cited, for example, the price demanded for a third pair of lion cubs (whose services had to be solicited because of further rains in Palm Springs) was $100 per week, take it or leave it. This, according to lion owners in California, was a "jinx" picture, and steady work for lion cubs could at best be a matter of conjecture.

"That," Russell Pierce informed me, "was a typical instance of things we meet up with in working animals into pictures. And of course," he added, "there are always, in animal contracts, a trainer's fee and the trainer's board and room that must be provided for, along with guarantee, in many cases, of a definite period of work."

What started the animal trainers in regarding "Her Jungle Love" a jinx for them isn't quite clear, but certainly the jinx continued to operate even after completion of the film. It culminated with the death of Jiggs, the chimpanzee, long one of the highest-paid animals in pictures. Jiggs was owned by Mrs. Jacqueline Gentry. You saw him in "Jungle Princess," and innumerable "Tarzan" episodes. His last pictures are "Dr. Rhythm" and "Her Jungle Love." For his work in the latter, Jiggs' salary was said to be $400 a week, plus the expenses of his trainer.

Consider another recent example of "jinxing" that eventually brought the charge for an animal's services into multiple figures, necessitated by the search for a baby seal to appear on a raft with Martha Raye for "The Big Broadcast of 1938." To obtain a seal that would flip about and, as the script required, throw a scare into the bewildered Martha, a shipwreck victim, would not have been difficult. A real problem arose, however, from the fact that a baby seal, and only a baby one, would do for the scene. This, in the month

of December when all baby seals are supposed to have grown up, was a stiff order. Only a case of late-mating, a rarity, would produce what was wanted.

With calls issued to animal farms located in Nova Scotia, Florida, and points west as far as California, anxious days went by without any luck. Cameras waited and the keepers of production budgets swerved with worry. Then finally, from Balboa, California, came a letter. A lobster fisherman, it seems, tending his lobster pots off the coast, had found, stranded on a rock, a sûre enough baby seal. "I am keeping him in a barrel of water," he wrote, "and will leave for Hollywood with him in the morning."

Faces brightened at the studio. All was arranged on the set for immediate "takes," and Paramount Pictures bided the arrival of the fisherman from Balboa.

In lieu of the fisherman, however, there came, in the afternoon mail, a second letter, doleful and distressing.

"On my way up," it read, "the seal died, and so I have gone back home."

These instances bring out a few of the reasons why animal talent for pictures exacts a high remuneration. Daily and highly specialized training of trick animals, feeding costs, transportation and climatic difficulties are other intricacies that must be faced. And so, asking nothing in appeasement for temperamental disturbance of their charges, animal owners feel their prices are not unreasonable.

High up on the star list, is a little mongrel named Corky, whose chief claim to fame thus far is his work with Irene Dunne in "Theodora Goes Wild." Corky's charm, according to his joint owners, Mr. and Mrs. Henry East of Hollywood, lies in the combination of his great zest for fun and his ability to hold one ear up and one ear down, all at the same time. Recent pictures giving important duties to Corky are the Joe E. Brown starring feature, "When's Your Birthday?" and the Bobby Breen picture, "Hawaii Calls."

Typical of receipts for Corky's services is the $90 per day that was paid for his part of the antics in the first-mentioned picture. Getting himself "on call" for a period of four and a half weeks of the production, the impish mixture of several breeds of dog gathered in for his kennels a total of close to $2500 spending money, and added to this was a handler's fee of the first order. Coming up shortly in several important productions, Corky is destined to add materially to his figure. Also from the Henry East kennels is the better-known but lower-figured Skippy, who is remembered for his conveyance of at least twelve distinct canine emotions as *Asta* in "After the Thin Man," and for the naturalness of his rompings with Cary Grant in "The Awful Truth." Though Skippy has thus far received less per picture than his kennel-mate, he works more often than Corky and, before he has made many more screen appearances, is expected to show compound increases in salary.

To take up once more the comparison between screen animals and the human artists may we, without too much disrespect, see how our mythical highest-paid Hollywood "extra" player fares when stacked up against penguins? Here, as before, it becomes shamefully evident by contrast that the "extra's" maximum of $50 per week is a mere pittance. For, in checking with the various penguin farms and the studios, we find that these birds, definitely of the elite among the film community's higher-paid creatures, ask, in their natural full-dress, on the average of $65 a day, and will generally not work unless at least a week's continuous employment is assured them.

Based upon number of performances in pictures where a highly trained and "movie-broken" penguin has been required, Hollywood's No. 1 penguin at the present time is unquestionably the individual known out here as Pete. For a figure located between $75 and $100 a day, varying upon circumstances, Pete may be persuaded to brave the lights and the exactments of movie scripts—all provided, of course, that his handler is taken care of in the matter of trainer's fee, room, board and transportation, and that both are given a definite period of working days. Closely following Pete in salary demands is a penguin named Oscar, who, similarly requiring the best for his master, will face the lenses for $75 *per diem*.

Inadequate without the name of Billy, prize property of the Los Angeles Alligator Farm, our list of Hollywood's upper-bracketed animal stars must by all means include this 250-year-old reptile who is definitely a veteran in the film city. Captured at the tender age of approximately 220 years in a swamp in Louisiana, Billy has the distinction of having been in pictures for thirty-two years. Appearing prominently in "Sparrow" years ago with



And this "zephyr frock" is also a favorite with Shirley.

Mary Pickford, he has since given commendable performances in a list too long to tabulate here.

Although Billy is still comparatively young for his species, he has, we are told, the desirable characteristic of being what in alligator circles is termed a "leader." As such he has proved himself to be invaluable in the many picture sequences that have called for a herd of the barky-skinned reptiles to swarm down upon people under the generalship of one of their number. And added to this, Billy has the trait of perfect harmlessness while portraying ferocity at close range. For thus doing what the good picture alligator is supposed to do, and doing it at the right time, Billy has an asking price of $100 per day. An indication of his ability to get what he wants, moreover, is the fact that he has never gone through a day at a studio for less than $50.

In the historical plays, "Wells Fargo" and "Buccaneer," where a combined total of five hundred horses were used, highly



Shirley Temple's summer wardrobe includes this taffeta frock.

trained equines for special performances brought daily for their owners $25 apiece; and for horses in the same productions performing lesser special duties there was paid a sum of $10 each, per day. One of the $25 variety, a pinto named Junior who does several sequences with Joel McCrea in the first-mentioned picture, so impressed leading-lady Frances Dee, it is reported, that she proceeded to purchase Junior for her co-starring husband, even before the production was finished.

Another "picture horse" gaining prominence as an individual is Leo Carillo's Sui Sun, who plays currently with the impressive Latin in "Girl of the Golden West." For Sui Sun's specialized acting in this picture Carillo was given a check for $100 each week of the production, and along with it went a liberal allotment for stable expenses. Considering that all horses employed in capacities such as have been mentioned must at one time or another have been "movie broken," and that there must be present at all times during the filming of horse sequences, according to law, at least one handler per horse, it may be understood where some of the money goes.

With pelicans and sea gulls flying wild all up and down the Southern California sea coast, it would seem at first conception that bag-fulls could be gathered at will when the call for their services arose. A California State law, however, disallows the capture of either of these adornments of the tourist-conscious commonwealth's ocean front, and so there are no end of special meetings, special permits, and general red tape to be gone through before birds of these two species may be taken from their native haunts. Result of which, when the order went out during production on Cecil DeMille's "Buccaneer" for two large pelicans for special effects, the amateur sportsman who finally maneuvered the bagging was paid $10 for every day the satchel-billed fowl were on call, and for himself, as trainer, received a substantial trainer's fee. Cranes, hard to get due to their scarcity in these regions, similarly bring approximately $75 per week, and for tropical birds, such as those seen in the Lily Pons picture, "Hitting a New High," there is a slightly better price.



Here Shirley models a Princess style of lively print fabric.

Delayed Discovery

Continued from page 29

often hailed as *Khoda Kahn,* and I must say that is a name that never fails to bring pleasant recollections." Which is quite understandable.

It isn't every actor who speaks as frankly about himself as Cesar Romero does. If more were like him in that respect there would be far more accuracy, but we fear far less excitement, in the records written about Hollywood personalities.

"When I went to Hollywood," he said in answering questions about his early experiences in pictures, "all I wanted was a job in pictures. I had no preconceived notions as to the kind of parts I wanted or would do."

By the time he was coming along as a stage actor the theatre in New York and elsewhere was well on its way to its present state of very limited activity and sparse opportunity for the player. Romero took his hard knocks trying to get somewhere. Nothing more eloquently revealing of that fact could be introduced than his own recital of what he had been doing recently in New York. For he listed as one of the high-lights of his trip the fact that a producing firm had phoned him an offer to appear in a stage play. He turned it down —picture commitments are more important. But there was no mistaking that Cesar had gotten a real thrill out of this experience. "It is," he said smiling broadly, "the first time a manager ever called *me* up and offered me a part on the stage. *I* always had to do the asking!"

His reputation as a dancer came close to suffering a severe set-back during this New York holiday. Cesar never set himself up an endurance dancer at one of those marathon strutting parties that were so popular back a while. But it's another matter when a man meets a girl he wants to dance with but who not only has the enthusiasm to dance and dance and dance, but the physical energy to call for more and more encores just at a time like this, when the chilling rains of a moist and frigid spell of weather has given him what is commonly called a "common cold."

The girl who danced Cesar down was Sonja Henie—and he frankly tells you he was just about all in, and marvels the more about Sonja's magnificently played practical joke on him because this happened at a party given the skating star after her triumphal engagement at Madison Square Garden in New York—where she played six performances of as gruelling an athletic effort as any champion ever attempted. Those thousands who paid in a total of $156,000 at the box office of the Garden wanted their money's worth, and got so many encores from Sonja that maybe she was taking a bit of private revenge on Mr. Romero, by doing dancing encores with him. "What a girl!" said Cesar.

There is a bit of a sidelight on that which may have added somewhat to Cesar's handicap. Born and brought up in New York, he is no stranger to that malady known as a cold. But this one was coming most inopportunely. You see a fortune-teller at a party in Hollywood told him that on this trip he was planning he would meet THE girl. Romance for Romero; an added fillip to his vacation trip back home.



A dashing little number made of an all-over linen print.

BUT the circumstances under which he was to meet THE girl were not altogether reassuring. He would, the cards said, be taken ill, perhaps have pneumonia, and during this not-at-all welcome seizure he would most certainly meet THE girl!

For the first time during his four years in Hollywood, Romero's fortune seems to be in his own hands—that is to say he is being given the recognition necessary to apply his talents in the creation of worthwhile parts. And, fortune-tellers to the contrary notwithstanding, he appears to be taking romance into his own hands also. If you saw "Happy Landing" you noticed of course a beauty by the name of Ethel Merman in the cast along with Sonja Henie, Don Ameche, and Cesar. Well, they —Ethel and Cesar, that is—made several of the night clubs together during their coincidental visits to New York. And now that both are back in Hollywood you also notice that their names are linked very frequently in the news notings of the social side of Hollywood life.

Crazy About Radio

Continued from page 34

heard no more about appearing on Jack's show. Then, one morning—

"You still want to be on my hour?" Benny asked, over the telephone. "Okay, we're rehearsing tomorrow."

Probably all you fans will recall Andy's début in one of the first of the "Buck Benny" skits on the air last year. One word describes him: *immense.*

Almost overnight, Andy's fan mail doubled. Why hadn't he been on the air before, was the tone of the majority of missives. Invalids and shut-ins who had never seen him on the screen particularly were impressed, although untold numbers of letters arrived from his film fans. Judging by the reception, the whole nation was made Devine-conscious. Even Benny was the recipient of thousands of letters, congratulating him upon the addition of the gravel-throated comic.

Following that first broadcast, Andy continued on the program for twenty-six consecutive weeks. After every airing, he would seek out the star of the show and beg that he put him on the following week.

"Can't you find a place for me, next Sunday?" he'd beseech.

"Well—"

"Aw, Jack, see if you can't. Just one more week."

"And I didn't miss out once on those twenty-six weeks," Andy told me, elatedly. His blue eyes sparkle like a youngster experiencing his first real thrill whenever he becomes enthused. "Gosh, if Jack had only known how much I really wanted to be on his program! You see, for years I'd had a yen to go on the radio. Most of my friends were appearing as guest artists, but never me. I couldn't make the jump from pictures to radio. They told me my voice would never make it. I thought my big chance had come when Jack asked me that day at Coronado if I'd like to be in his show. Then, I had to wait a whole year."

It was the longest year in Andy's life, that one. The screen featured him, in good pictures, but his heart lay now in radio. It was a goal he couldn't attain. Can't you picture his impatience, as he awaited the call from Benny that seemed never to come? His natural reticence forbade him broaching the subject again, on those occasions he'd meet the air comedian at parties and around the film colony—all the while he would have given an arm to speak up.

But no one suspected this craving of Andy's to broadcast. It was his secret, his alone. And so, until Jack Benny decided to experiment and try out Andy's voice he remained—if we *must* wax poetic—"a ship without a rudder."

Arrived in Hollywood the small-town radio characters, the universal favorites, Lum and Abner. Andy met them shortly after they reached the film colony, and immediately struck up a warm friendship.

"We had a lot in common," he tells you. "They came from a small town, just like I did—I'm from Flagstaff, Arizona, you know—so we hit it off from the very start. Then, when Abner bought a place near mine out in the valley, we spent practically all our time together."

Andy had been on Jack Benny's program several times when he visited his new friends at the radio station, only a few minutes before they broadcast.

Drawled Abner: "Like to be on with us today, sonny?"

"Who, me, NOW?" Andy was too bewildered by the sudden prospect.

"Sure."



Mrs. Charles Cooper visits her famous son, Gary, on the set.

"And darned if they didn't write me in, right then and there," Andy explained delightedly, his voice skyrocketing to high tenor for a moment. "They changed the script, just like that—and when time came to go on my part was ready for me." His homely, good-natured face lit up, as he ran stubby fingers through tousled sandy hair.

That first broadcast on the Lum and Abner program led to others.

"How about me going on with you this week?" he would call one or the other of the pair, and generally the answer would be—"Okay."

But here's the funny part of it—that he might have asked for a salary check never for a moment entered his mind. That he was passing up an opportunity to make thousands of dollars didn't occur to him. He didn't expect payment for what he considered the greatest fun he had ever known. He was having his fun, in his own peculiar way. Who else in pictures but the Devine would have acted in so unprecedented a fashion!

"Maybe if I had another kind of voice I would have gotten a break sooner," Andy remarks. "But on the other hand, if I didn't have this screwy voice of mine maybe I wouldn't even be on the screen. At least it's individual.'

Andy's gravel voice—Georgie Jessel dubbed it thus—is the most distinctive on either screen or radio. That is one reason why he is such a favorite, sure-fire, whenever he makes an appearance in either medium. A ready-made audience awaits him, for audiences love the personality behind the voice.

It's pretty generally known by now that Andy's peculiar tonal qualities are the result of an accident during boyhood.

"That is," the comedian observes, "doctors *think* that's what caused my voice to be what it is today. I was running with a stick in my mouth, as kids will, when I fell and the point penetrated my throat. Shortly after that, my voice changed from a normal one to its present goofy state."

That fans enjoy this "goofy" voice is seen in their laughing uproariously whenever Andy opens his mouth in speech. It's gone over so well on the air that Jack Benny's sponsor has placed Andy under contract, to appear on the Benny program for the season. Now, whenever Andy goes on the air, he's PAID!

Mebbe we should ALL be crazy about radio!

For More Than Money

Continued from page 65

all I've been able to do for Johnny in an attempt to have his deafness cured that I never could have done otherwise. I can give him and Susie advantages when they grow up that I would never be able to give them on the salary I could make on the stage. I owe *them* something."

So many memories of Spence—memories of so many conversations and arguments we had in those early days—keep crowding in on me. I remember when his second option came up at Fox. He was in a blue funk. His salary was due to jump from $1,000 a week to $1,500. That seemed like all the money in the world to him. "They'll never pay it," he prophesied dolefully.

"Other people have had bigger jumps than that," I assured him, "and have been kept on."

"But they were *stars,*" he argued.

He has always had an inferiority complex where his importance is concerned. Even today he doesn't realize that he stands for anything as an actor in the industry! He seems to feel he is a fairly competent craftsman but that if he has attained a position of any importance it is entirely due to lucky breaks.

In those long-gone days his ambition was to have a contract limiting him to two pictures a year and the privilege of doing stage plays in the interim. I asked him recently what had become of that yearning. "I still hope to do more plays on the stage," he answered, "but I'm still not big enough in pictures to dictate the terms of my contract. And the mounting quality of pictures compensates for not being able to do worthwhile stage plays—if I were lucky enough to find them."

Spencer's contracts have always been a source of secret amusement to me. Parts have always meant more to him than money. Whenever his bosses were trying to finagle him into signing a new contract without giving him his raise they would promise him some choice parts. At the mention of choice parts Spence would grab the pen and sign anything for fear those rôles would get away from him. In exasperation, his lawyer finally sent for Spence's brother Carroll to come handle Spence's business.

He hasn't changed in that respect. Parts still mean more to him than money. Had it not been for Carroll there is no telling what Spence wouldn't have signed to get two parts at M-G-M that he will now get anyhow—the rôles he'll play in "Northwest Passage" and "Three Comrades."

It is a far cry from the days when Spence worried for fear his option at $1,500 a week would not be taken up, to the new contract he recently signed with M-G-M at a salary said to approximate $3,500 a week.

No fan was ever more of a hero worshipper than Spence. He has his favorites and he is in the seventh heaven of bliss when he is with one of them or when people realize he is on intimate terms with someone whom he considers "great." Success hasn't changed him in that way and I doubt it it ever will.

He has a terrific inferiority complex but success has given him a poise he never had before. Just having people notice him and compliment him on his work has given him a new confidence and assurance.

It is the usual thing to write that almost any actor reminds you of "a little boy." Well, Spence does. His tastes and enthusiasm are all of the little boy variety. I watched him go through the stage where he was buying polo ponies with both hands and wondered if he were going Hollywood, although down in my heart I wasn't really worried. He still loves polo but the studio won't let him play.

I watched him go through the stage where he had to own a yacht—and did. I knew he'd tire of that, too. Nor will I ever forget the Sunday afternoon he took a bunch of us out beyond the breakwater in the Los Angeles Harbor for a sail. There is a drawbridge that must be raised to let sailing vessels into the harbor. We came back late in the afternoon when traffic across the bridge was at its heaviest. Naturally, traffic was held up while the bridge was raised to let us through. But Spence, new to navigation and knowing little about steering, couldn't quite get the boat through. Motorists waiting to get across the bridge became irate.

Spence flushed a lobster red. A few weeks later he sold the boat.

He is a sentimentalist at heart but he would die if he thought anyone suspected him of it. That's another thing Hollywood will never change nor cure him of.

When he and Myrna Loy were cast together in their first picture—"Whipsaw"—his joy knew no bounds. But after the first day of shooting his spirits drooped. At the end of the second day he went gloomily to the director and asked him to get someone else for the part.

"What's the matter?" the director asked in surprise.

"I guess Myrna doesn't like me," Spence told him, looking like he was ready to cry.

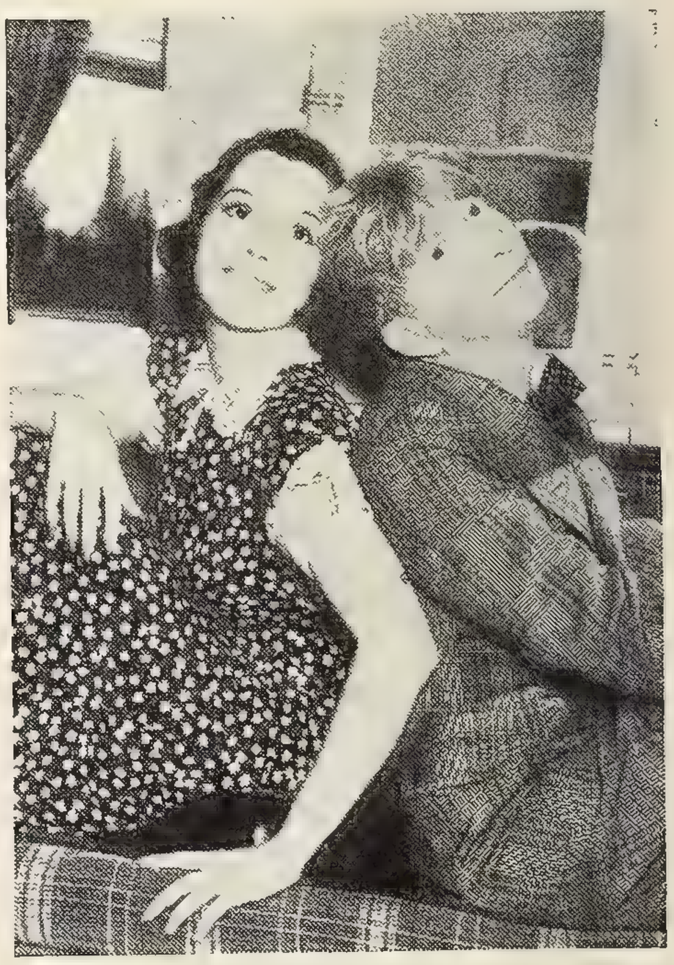
The director spoke to Myrna. Next morning Myrna approached Spence. "Now, what's the matter?" she smiled.

Spence repeated his tale of woe.

"I'll tell you," Myrna confided, "I'm just as timid about meeting new people as you are. In addition to that, I don't study my lines at home because I feel my time there belongs to my husband. I have to study them sometime so the only other time I have is in my dressing room between shots. "But," she grinned, "if it's making you unhappy, I'll play with you between takes—little boy."

They've got along marvelously ever since. I don't believe there is an actress in Hollywood with whom Spence would rather work.

That's another way in which he'll never change: fine an actor as he is, he has to work in a congenial enviroment or he can't work.



Must be love! Mary Lou Lender and Sterling Holloway, in a scene from "Professor Beware."

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A Date with Clark Gable

Continued from page 17

Clark said at the time that someday he would give me a first hand story on a date with him.

Several months later, my telephone rang one afternoon, and a rather boyish, but low modulated voice spoke from the receiver: "Hello, this is Clark Gable." And when in stunned silence, I failed to answer, the voice repeated: "Can you hear me, this is Clark Gable speaking. How are you?" And then concluding that of course it was some boy friend trying to play a joke on me I blandly replied: "You don't fool me a bit. Now next time you call just say you're the King of Siam, and I'll believe you just as much." There was a laugh at the other end of the wire and the voice persisted: "But truly, this *is* Clark, and I happen to be just a short distance from your house, and I thought you might have lunch with me."

I didn't even bother to powder my nose, or change my dress, because of course I expected no one. Five minutes later a car drove up by the front gate, and I glanced out the window to see Clark Gable in person coming up the walk!

Here I had a date with Clark Gable, and didn't know just what to do about it. Any girl can imagine herself in the same predicament, mentally visioning the perfectly groomed Carole, whom Clark dates. A quick little pinch hard enough to leave a mark on my arm to prove that me was me, and awake, not dreaming, I greeted the famous star, standing at my front door. Ten minutes later found us seated in his sixteen-cylindered-open-top roadster, driving down the street.

Clark talked about his new ranch house out at San Fernando Valley, and his cocker spaniel Smokey as we drove along. "I like being a country squire, and lazing around out there in the sunshine and country air," he said. "I have a wonderful cook—too good, in fact. Afraid she's trying to make me fat. You know I was partly raised on a farm in Pennsylvania with my grandparents. I used to swim in the lake, hide in the hay loft, and ride a horse—and swipe Grandmother's cookies.

"Smokey and I go for long rides through the brush of the Santa Monica mountains. The brush is full of game and Smokey gets all keyed up," and as Clark talked his eyes sparkled with enjoyment. "Smokey runs beside my horse, chasing a rabbit, losing it, barking frantically. He makes about twenty-five miles to the horse's ten. Once he tried to follow a deer, but he soon found out that wasn't his speed at all. Bob Taylor joins us for a ride now and then. He's another farm boy, raised on a Nebraska farm. Some of the folks who write us fan letters wouldn't find our lives very glamorous or exciting, I'm afraid."

By this time we had reached a popular section of the city, where we selected a restaurant. Clark parked his car at the curb, then noticing he had parked partly on a red zone, he turned on the ignition and backed out again, and we found another place up the street. A girl who dates with Gable need never have fear of landing in a traffic court. He is very thoughtful and considerate of the law and observes parking rules.

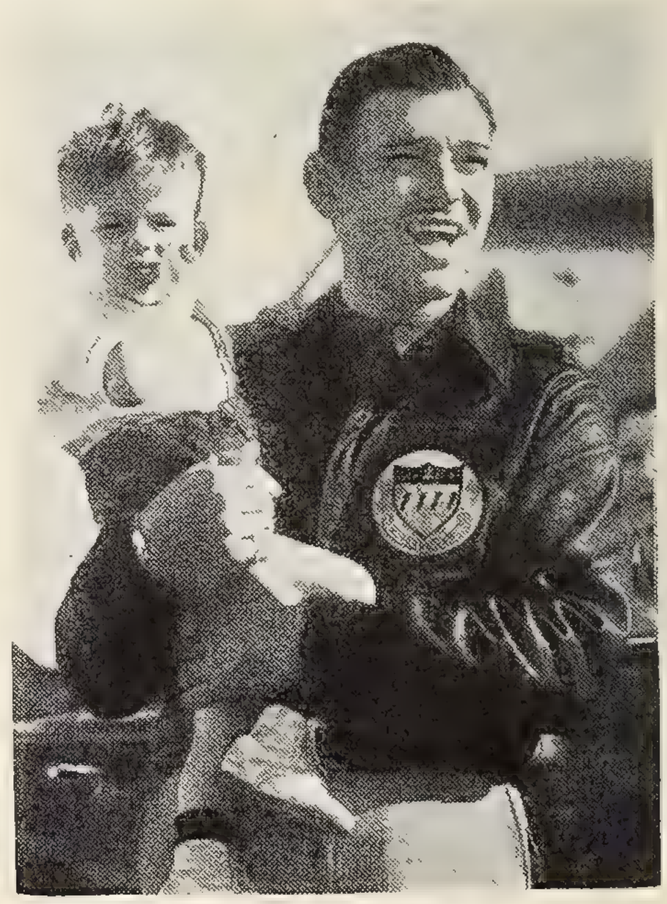
By this time several side-walkers who had recognized Clark when he attempted to park the first time had spread the word, and he was greeted by a dozen or more people who came running up the sidewalk, in full speed, shouting "It's Clark Gable! It's Clark Gable!" Clark smiled good-naturedly and came over to my side of the car to help me alight, but before he could open the door he was besieged from all sides by autograph hunters, who popped up from nowhere, so it semed, and girls and women who frantically rushed to reach him. He tried to make room to open the car door to help me out and I took mental note, that this was how it was to have a date with Clark Gable, and that I was in the shoes of Lombard—for the time being!

Finally Clark was able to get me out of the car into the swirling mob, which seemed to be increasing by the minute. Traffic was in a decided snarl, and extra policemen appeared from several directions. Two of them secured our arms and helped us to reach the sidewalk. All of which was so different than I had ever imagined a date with Gable would be like. But this was only the beginning.

Clark doesn't like to turn down autograph hunters, and so we'd hardly gone ten feet, with me hanging on his arm, and a dozen women frantically clutching at me, endeavoring to get to him, when Clark stopped and started signing autographs. People stepped all over my toes in the general rush, but their faces were smiling and eager—so I could only try to tuck my toes still further back and hope I'd be able to walk out alive. No one grabbed roughly at Clark, and I don't think I've ever seen a screen star shown more genuine respect and admiration. Though he was surrounded by three hundred people who firmly pushed their way up for autographs, they were courteous.

"That isn't Carole Lombard," was among the whispers floating around my ears—and I think the most ignored, and least carefully handled person in the crowd on the sidewalk was the girl who was finding out what it was to have a date with Gable!

Clark signed and signed, while at frequent times I could hear little rips in my fur coat, as tugging hands sought to gain closer position to Gable. While Clark autographed he talked to me and said he hoped I didn't mind, that this was all in the day's work and that just the minute he signed another fifty we would continue our way to lunch. Thirty minutes later he announced in a most attractive way with his famous smile, and who could refuse those dimples, that he was "really very hungry and if you don't mind I'd really like to go to lunch, and perhaps later I can sign some more autographs"—whereon a mighty cheer went up from the crowd and a path automatically opened down the sidewalk. People grabbed his hand and said: "It's such a



Take to each other! Clark Gable and a young fan he recently met.

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may cost a Woman all her Happiness



WOMEN . . . any woman . . . YOU . . . are foolish to risk offending by neglect of personal daintiness. Your happiness, and even the security of your home may rest on a dependable method of intimate feminine hygiene. Use the "Lysol" method.

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"LYSOL", by giving greater assurance of intimate cleanliness, helps many a woman to save her personal happiness and home.

You must surely read these six reasons why "Lysol" is recommended for your intimate hygiene—to give you assurance of intimate cleanliness.

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

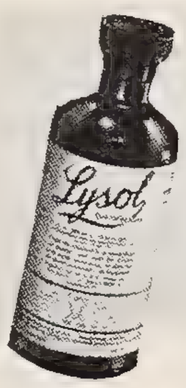
2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.

4—Economy . . . "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.



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What Every Woman Should Know

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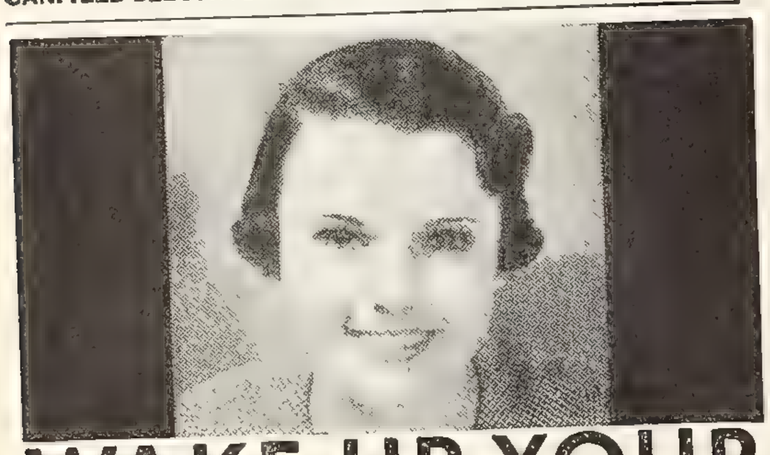


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A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

thrill seeing you, Mr. Gable" and "We like your pictures, Clark Gable" and boys yelled: "Hiya Clark!" to which Clark kept right on grinning. As for me, several women reached to squeeze my hand and said: "You lucky girl," while one pretty young thing, with her heart in her eyes, and her eyes for Gable, came right out and said: "I wish I were you!" Others openly commented on "who's the girl with Gable—" and "Wait until Lombard hears about this"—and "Oh, he takes out lots of girls" and "That Lombard romance is just publicity" and even from the outer edges of the crowd: "What's the girl like with Gable—what's she wearing?"

Clark took my arm and guided me through the crowd into the little restaurant we had selected, because it was close and we believed would be quiet, and we had heard the food was excellent. As we opened the door, Clark gave my hand a little reassuring squeeze. He seemed to sense the feelings of a girl who had been an exhibition before a public mob, for the first time.

Now a girl having lunch with Clark would picture a small table in a remote corner replete with white linen and gleaming crystal and silver, with perhaps soft music, and Clark sitting there talking to her. But do the girls who have luncheon with Clark enjoy such intimacy, such privacy, such a romantic picture? Decidedly not! With his entrance, came business with a rush. The place was crowded with patrons old and new. The proprietor stood at the door warning his new customers that Mr. Gable was not to be disturbed at his table. Small children came in on the pretext of buying ice cream cones, and stood looking so wistfully down at Clark's table, with their pieces of paper and pencils in hand, that Clark melted and beckoned them to come down and he would sign an autograph. Others soon took advantage—and another autographing spree was on. Two cooks from the kitchen joined the fracas, and waitresses hurriedly gathered up menu cards to be autographed, and which are now displayed with the day's menu so guests will know Gable ate there, if only once.

I sat there pondering if this could last forever—the autographing, I mean, when Clark suddenly said, "Now, no more. After all, I have a guest, and we would like lunch." And so we were permitted to order.

By this time the afternoon was well advanced, and we discussed the fact that we were actually very hungry. Clark ordered a chicken sandwich and a glass of buttermilk and no desert. He remarked that he had taken off twenty-five pounds last fall, and was being careful not to replace them. He looked over at me and asked me what I thought of having a date with him, and I managed to murmur: "It was very nice, but would be lots better if people would leave us alone for a bit." Clark reached across the table and patted my hand and said that it was always this way, and that he really appreciated his fans, but sometimes the people who were with him didn't—especially, and he referred to a girl whom he'd taken to the Troc one night, who wore a shimmering white gown with a long train, and they had been surrounded by fans, who in their eagerness for autographs had stood on the lady's train ripping it from her gown, and they'd had to go home, and Clark chuckled in remembrance.

Then as the food was placed before us, and I decided that it was very thrilling to be able to sit there and become acquainted with the screen's most popular star, a deluge of newspaper men poured down on us. Three of them, without being invited, sat right down at our table and started asking questions all at once. They asked Mr. Gable if it were true that he was going to be divorced this year from his wife, and if he planned on marrying Carole Lombard, and was he going to play *Rhett Butler* in "Gone With The Wind." Clark from past experience handled these questions cleverly, and the reporters weren't sure whether they were being answered or turned down. I or any girl who might have been his luncheon companion couldn't help but feel very third-personish. The newspapermen stayed on and on—and so we started to eat—and thought they would leave, which they didn't. Just when I had a nice juicy fork full of tomato up to my mouth, a flashlight bulb flashed, and then another and another one, and I could appreciate how and why stars dislike candid cameras clicking with their meals.

When we decided to leave and arose from the table, Gable was once more handshaked all around by the management, and the waitresses. The cashier didn't want to take his money, said it was on the house, but Clark paid the check nevertheless.

Soon we were out on the sidewalk once more, where we found that the crowd had doubled in size, and traffic was almost at a standstill. Everyone who owned a camera had fished one out, or sent home for one, and invited all of their family and relatives to rush down too, to glimpse Gable. We wound our way through the crowd up to Clark's car, and kodaks were clicking from every angle.

Clark had to ask the people to make way again to get me into the car, and finally climbed in himself. By this time the sun was low in the west, and with excuses that he had to hurry to keep a dinner engagement, (and we'd just finished lunch, such as it was), he was able to avoid further autographs without offending the crowd.

I suggested that we return to my home, where perhaps we could find a moment to visit. And there was where I was due for the surprise of my life. The word had somehow spread ahead of us, and when we turned the corner into my street, there were cars by the dozens lined up for a block. Evidently the word had spread somewhere of my identity, and people had just put two and two together, and came right down, figuring that Clark would bring me home sooner or later.

Clark stopped his car and looked back—as though searching for an escape, and looked back to see a steady stream of cars had been following us. And so there we were! There was space left by the front gate, and we drove up and went right into the house, where I found the telephone was ringing continually. By this time, my sense of humor had revived a bit and I turned to Clark helplessly and said: "So this is how it is to have a date with Mr. Gable!" And we both laughed. With constant interruptions he stayed for a few moments, until people, becoming bolder, came right up to the door and started knocking, asking to see Gable. And friends who hadn't called for years came calling.

So Clark finally had to leave, and again he was met by a couple of dozen camera fans who snapped his picture at my front gate.

There's an aftermath after you've had a date with Gable. Your friends set you apart and you are given a certain distinction. You are forever asked how romantic and exciting the date was. You see the candid pictures of it popping out from amateur candid photo magazines, and people pass your house, and remark that Gable was once there. As for yourself you know what it is like to have had a date with the most famous actor on the screen. And with all of the mobbing, crowding, pushing and constant interruptions at the hands of the great American movie public, if your phone should ring a second time for a Gable date you'd say breathlessly: "Yes, of course!"

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

into the dressing, stir the dressing rapidly and then take the ice out before using it. You'll be surprised how this chills and thickens the dressing!

"This salad is romaine, watercress, radishes, onions, tomatoes and peppers. What makes it different is that after I've sliced the radishes and onions, I let them stand for an hour in vinegar and water with pepper and salt. That gives them a sort of pickled taste that I like. Then I put oil and cream into the vinegar and thoroughly chill it before I put it onto the salad.

"Sometimes I use hearts of artichoke, slices of avocado, or hard-boiled egg, sliced, with the greens. My family especially likes a salad of Romaine, peppers and yolks of hardboiled eggs beaten into the dressing."

Some girls in Hollywood—as in other places—cling to salads because they are non-fattening, but Marie must have weight-building foods.

"I've gained twelve pounds!" she exulted. "The secret of it is to lie down for ten minutes after each meal. For breakfast, I have orange juice, Cream of Wheat mush, and a glass of half-milk, half-cream, and then I hurry and lie down quick in order to gain all the weight those calories contribute."

She drinks milk, or milk and cream, between meals, also, and manages fair portions of food at lunch and dinner, besides.

"Cheese Soufflé delicious. Annie has a special recipe that I'm crazy about!" (Annie is a newly arrived German maid, with a treasured German cookbook, which she translates as she goes.)



Fred MacMurray, one of the Yacht Club Boys, and Director Al Santell, right, busy on the set.

CHEESE SOUFFLE

2 tbls. flour — 4 eggs (separated)
2 tbls. butter — 1 pint milk
½ cup grated cheese (Blue Moon)

Rub butter and flour together over the fire; when they bubble, add gradually hot milk, seasoned with pepper and salt; add slowly the cheese. Remove from fire, add beaten yolks of eggs, cool the mixture, add beaten whites, stirring all together thoroughly. Put in pudding dish well buttered and bake in pan of hot water for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve at once.

"Annie makes a marvelous dish," continued Marie, her big brown eyes shining. "It's called *Schnitzel Natural.* It's veal, salted, peppered and floured, and then fried on top of the stove. Then you make a nice, thick gravy and pour sour cream into it and let it simmer a few minutes before serving.

"One of my favorite desserts is Annie's *Spanish Cream.* I'm crazy about her *Bavarian Cream,* too, especially if you powder it with chocolate shot before serving. Both are excellent for underweights."

SPANISH CREAM

Soak ½ box Knox Gelatine in 1 quart of milk for an hour. Then put on fire and stir until it begins to thicken. Add yolks of 3 well beaten eggs and 1 cup sugar. When it boils, strain into moulds and flavor with Burnett's vanilla. Beat whites with 3 tablespoons sugar, also flavored with Burnett's vanilla, and use as sauce when cream is ready to serve.

BAVARIAN CREAM

2 cups milk — ½ cup sugar
Pinch of salt — 1 tbls. Knox gelatine
½ cup cold water — 2 egg yolks well beaten
1 teaspoon Burnett's vanilla
½ pint whipping cream

Dissolve gelatin by sprinkling on top of ½ cup cold water. Scald milk, sugar and salt. Add beaten egg yolks, stir until it thickens. Remove from fire and add dissolved gelatin. Stir until gelatin has melted, then strain. Add vanilla. As mixture cools and thickens, add whipped cream.

An 8 ounce can of Hawaiian crushed pineapple may be added for variation.

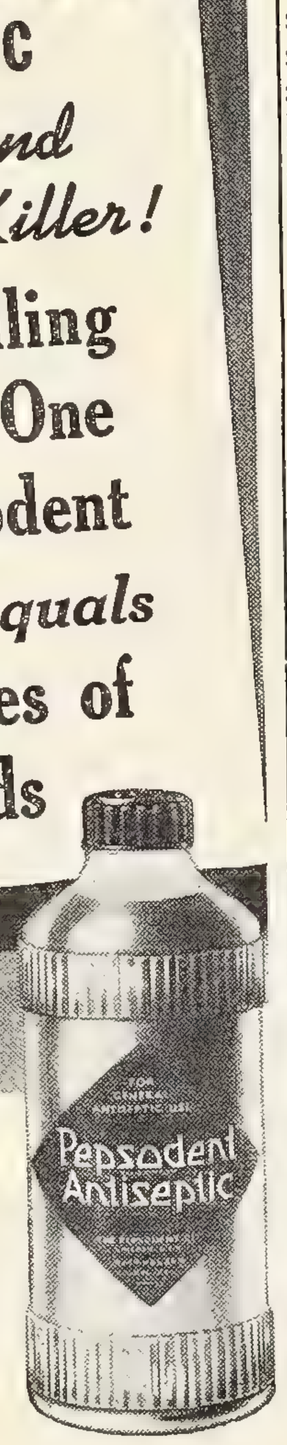


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Don Ameche's Confession of Faith

Continued from page 25

ball team to victory also. Don has always combined the aesthetic with the virile—during his early professional struggles, and between his acting and broadcasting, he odd-jobbed variously as a ditch-digger, a rough carpenter, a mattress-maker, cement worker, etc.,—and he finds no conflict between them. Don would hate worse than anything in the world to be either a heathen or a sissy.

Nor does he see anything at all incongruous in the fact that his father was at once a church-goer and a saloon-keeper.

"Dad was the best saloon-keeper in Kenosha," he declares, refusing now that he is top-flight to soft-pedal the subject, "nobody ever had too much to drink in his saloons."

Don's present counterpart of that little chapel which stood him in such good stead at St. Berchman's is St. Elizabeth's at Van Nuys, where he and his family worship unostentatiously every Sunday morning and as often during the week as his busy schedule will permit.

Somewhere in the life of every outstanding character there are others whose influence is very largely responsible for moulding them into what they become. Besides his mother and father, in Don's case these others were Sister Cornelia, then at St. Berchman's and now Mother Superior of St. Mercy's in Cedar Rapids, Iowa—where Don's sisters are students—and Father Maurice Sheehy and Father Kucara, then both of Columbia Academy at Dubuque, where Don was sent after his graduation from the seminary. Father Sheehy now is on the faculty of the Catholic University of America at Washington, D. C., and Father Kucara is Bishop of Lincoln, Nebraska.

All three were Don's very great friends and benefactors. Sister Cornelia because she guided his activities and nurtured his spirituality during his most impressionable and plastic years; Father Sheehy because he was Don's confessor and coach, and Father Kucara because he possessed a particularly warm and resonant voice which Don admired tremendously and imitated profusely.

It was, in fact, Father Kucara's voice which probably had most to do with Don's present voice—the one characteristic of his personality, he believes, which did most to bring him success. Certainly it was that voice which made him the foremost dramatic favorite on the air, which got him his first real introduction to the public, and which built up the immense radio popularity which has so greatly contributed to his screen popularity. Don likes to tell how it happened to come about.

"I had been batting around for years," he said, "alternately trying to study law, trying to get a footing on the stage, trying for a radio audition. It seemed that in all three I wasn't getting anywhere; I didn't like law, and as far as the stage and radio were concerned I appeared to be butting my head against solid stone walls. One evening I sat down and had a serious conference with myself, and I decided to give them all up and go into business. The next day came the impossible. God acted and I was called to a broadcast studio for an audition."

That audition—that voice—led directly to "The Empire Builders" program and through it to the career which, second only to Amos and Andy's, is the longest on the air.

At Columbia, however, when Don used to mimic the good Father Kucara, thus unconsciously acquiring much of the depth of the priest's personality and much of the deep tonal appeal of his voice, his achievement did little but get him into trouble. Once Father Kucara, amazed to hear the echo of his own tones as he walked, turned a corner abruptly and caught Don red-handed while he was performing prodigies of impersonation for an admiring audience of other students.

"You're doing the devil's work!" he indignantly rebuked Don.

But for that once the kindly Father was wrong. Don has since used that voice, and is still using it, to do not the devil's work but God's. As the old hymn has it, God moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform, and Father Kucara himself recognized the value of that voice when he was in Hollywood last year.

"He told me then that perhaps because of what I did thoughtlessly as a kid," said Don, "my voice now reflects a spiritual quality which attracts people. He said that that must be the reason God gave it to me, and assured me I could do no greater work for God in my own medium than to bring needed relaxation to others."

However, of all his life's associates Don is most grateful to Father Sheehy. Not only was he Don's spiritual counsellor, but, as athletic director of the academy, he counselled his charges as well in all things physical and temporal and by his advice showed his great wisdom when it came actually to affairs of the soul. In common with many of the other boys, Don would go to confessional only when Father Sheehy was behind the grille; and, eventually, it was Father Sheehy who did Don his greatest service by introducing him to his wife and officiating at their marriage.

Don, of course, hadn't even the wildest dream of Hollywood when he wooed and won the fair Honore. Their romance, their joint love glorified by their joint faith, was very tender and very beautiful. Beginning with a psalm it could have been no less; and now, with their every dream come fabulously true—including the two youngsters whom they idolize—they are very happy.

Notwithstanding the triple miracle of faith and love and success which has thus come to pass for him, Don is still distinguished in Hollywood by his outstanding humility. It is not a servile humility but the instinctive, teachable humility which forms the cornerstone of continued growth; he is meek, not with the meekness of cowardice or fear but with the surpassing meekness of courage and strength from



Two movie buds, Eleanor Lynn and Ann Rutherford, pick peach blossoms.

within. Therefore he has inherited the earth, and therefore he possesses that unassuming self-control which so delicately balances his self-confidence, and which, the anthesis of the vanity and ego so prevalent in his present sphere, marks him instantly as a man apart. Yet, and possibly more than any other person in Hollywood, he mingles his talents in the greater sphere of mankind.

Among his fan mail—by far the greatest on the 20th Century-Fox lot—Don receives countless letters from shut-ins. These, a fraction of his thirty-million-odd radio audience, are his greatest delight. He is more proud of these letters than of anything else in his life because they tell him that he brings most happiness into their lives.

"When I was still a youngster," he said, "I made the, to me, startling discovery that God is constantly offering us the fullness of His abundance. I realized that what I received depended solely upon myself—that everything exists for one who is willing to take. So I feel that in order to receive of the best I cannot conscientiously give of less than my best for the enjoyment of others."

Don's personality is alive with fire, yet inwardly he is tranquil. His smile flashes, yet in its very flashing is its inward sweetness. His voice resounds from his heart and shares his superlative satisfaction in living with all who care to turn a dial and listen. He has found the *alpha* and the *omega* of contentment in himself because, he believes, he has found himself in God.

"God," he explained quietly, humbly, "means security to me. He gives me a sense of stability in a world which too often is upside down. Conflicts, disturbances, fears cannot enter where He is, and thus I am secure. I know that as long as I work with Him He will work with me, and I live my religion because I have been shown that the goal of all life is the establishment of harmonious relationships between all peoples. That will be attained only if and when every one as an individual obeys the fundamentally moral and spiritual laws of life."

As an example of what he means Don points not to himself but to a young Belgian, now of about his same age, who lives with him in his lovely San Fernando Valley home. This young man is one Gabriel van den Dorpl, and in him is the epitome of human drama and of human peace.

Gabriel was a little boy amid the halocaust that was Belgium in 1914. At the age when other boys are playing with toy soldiers he saw the Kaiser's grey-green hordes sweep past his home, endless bobbing helmets and endless marching feet. The home itself was transformed in an instant into a ruin by a shell, and Gabriel's little sister had her skull crushed by an onrushing munitions truck. Gabriel was rescued from that inferno of noise and destruction by two priests who took him to a church near Ypres, and from thence, a refugee, he was brought to America and adopted by the sisters at St. Berchman's. That is where Don first met him, and where Don sent for him when he was able to befriend him.

From that childhood of his own Gabriel now takes care of Don's children. He is watchful as a hawk and faithful as a St. Bernard. And he, more than Mrs. Ameche, teaches the kids to say their prayers, for he has gone through cataclysm and he has found retreat.

Talking with him about his home, about his success and about everything which he has already achieved in life, one inevitably asks Don the Biblical question: "By what power and in what name have ye done all this?"

And Don as inevitably makes the Biblical reply: "By faith. Have faith, and all things shall be given unto you."



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You'll say "YES" when you find your lucky color among my 10 thrilling new face powder shades! See it bring you new radiance—breathe new life into your skin!

Wouldn't you say this was *Your Lucky Day* if you found a way to win extra compliments—extra attention—extra admiration? A way that can bring out the sparkle in your hair—the dancing light in your eyes?

The prize I'm talking about is the one flattering shade of face powder that can create a new "you". . . your one and only "lucky" color. For you know as well as I do that the *wrong* powder color can actually hide your best points instead of bringing them out and giving you a lift.

Perhaps you're saying—"This doesn't concern *me*. My powder color seems all right." But are you sure? Are you certain you have found the face powder color that is *100% right* for you—the one that is so true that it blends into your skin—so natural that it seems as if the color comes from within? The day you find that color will indeed be a lucky day for you. That's why I'm so anxious to have you try all 10 of my face powder colors. Because I am sure that your special color is among them.

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I've helped many others, and I'll gladly help you, too. If you'll send me your name and address, I'll mail you all ten of the glorifying new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder *free and postpaid.*

When my gift arrives—try on every shade. Try each one carefully. Then STOP at the one and only color which whispers, "I am yours, see what I do for you. Look how I make your eyes shine. And how dreamy soft and radiant I leave your skin!" See how the color seems so natural, so lifelike, so much a part of you.

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Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, and a generous tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. Mail the coupon today.

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Mr. and Mrs. John Loder, both screen stars, vacation in France.

Stars Over Europe

Continued from page 28

twenty-first birthday, just six years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Massey are drinking a cocktail with blonde Edna Best, and tall John Loder is chatting to some French friends. He's tremendously pleased with his Hollywood contract and is looking forward to playing with Irene Dunne all the more because she is one of his own favorite stars. John is taking along his collection of antique military prints and his famous silk patchwork dressing-gown, made up of scraps of material from the frocks worn by the feminine stars in his pictures. And of course he is taking his dainty little black-haired French wife, Micheline Cheirel on the screen. Her current film is "La Belle Equipe," with Jean Gabin.

Gertrude Michael has been buying clothes in Paris too, flying over on the days she wasn't needed at the British studios. She has just completed a comedy with John Lodge called "Sweet Racket" and now she is working on "Star of the Circus" with Otto Kruger. Three of Gertrude's new evening dresses are pink. She's superstitious and believes it's her lucky color.

Our next scenes are set in the South of France, at Cannes, where mimosa scents the warm air and the white villas look out on the blue Mediterranean. Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howard are having their morning coffee under a feathery palm. Leslie is snatching a brief holiday between pictures—he's playing in the film version of Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" and wants to do *Lord Nelson* with Anna Neagle as his *Lady Hamilton* in a new historical spectacle before he sails for Palestine to shoot "Lawrence of Arabia."

That gay party on the hotel terrace is being entertained by the Countess of Jersey (Virginia Cherrill to you). There's Mrs. Charles Butterworth and tall Conrad Veidt screwing his inevitable monocle into his eye as he watches the pigeons begging for crumbs. Con is a brilliant ornithologist with a knowledge of the feathered folk which many a college professor has envied.

Then the mountains rising behind Cannes dissolve into the snow-clad slopes of Switzerland. With distant yodelling and silvery cow-bells off, we open in a beautiful valley where several famous film folk are at play. There's Jessie Matthews and Sonnie Hale—the vivacious dancing star found learning to skate the easiest thing in the world. She looks enchanting on the ice with a scarlet frock and cap setting off her piquant brunette prettiness.

Burly Charles Laughton and tawny-haired Elsa Lanchester are climbing the mountain paths too. Charles has brought along the scenario of his next film, a London comedy called "The Listener," and he spends the evenings sitting beside the porcelain stove at the inn studying his part with his wife to comment and advise.

Then the following sequences begin in romantic Budapest where the Danube flows smoothly along and the churches have golden cupolas and gypsy bandsmen wander around the cafés playing their wild sad-sweet Hungarian melodies. Paul Muni and his wife always get a musical serenade when they arrive for a bottle of Tokay—often it's the lovely old folk-song "Red Whitsuntide" that Paul likes so much. He's like a boy on holiday, laughing, gay, and carefree, revisiting the friends of his early days when he was an aspiring young actor.

All good films should complete a full psychological circle, finishing in much the same setting as they began—Director Wesley Ruggles told me so when we had tea together during his recent English visit. So for the fadeout we'll return to London and flash a brilliant premiere at the latest cinema, the black and gold Odeon Theatre.

Page vivid Margaretta Scott in a red and yellow cloak and exotic little Vivien Leigh floating pale lilac chiffon. She has been playing with Charles Laughton in his new film of backstage life "St. Martins Lane." There's Laurence Olivier and June Clyde and youthful Nova Pilbeam, who has come straight from Pinewood Studios.

Jean Muir appears—to everybody's surprise, for she packed her trunks and gave a farewell party prior to returning to Hollywood. Now it seems Producer Walter Mycroft persuaded her to stay on at the last minute and act in his comedy film "Lovers Knot."

Screenland Snoop

Continued from page 21

emotions. I can only judge the depths of their affections by the little things—but after all, in a romance, it's the little things that count.

Every Wednesday night Barbara drives in from the Mar-Wyck Ranch out in the Valley to attend Bob's rehearsal for the "Good News of 1938" broadcast, which is held in the El Capitan Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard. After the rehearsal, along about ten-thirty or eleven, Barbara and Bob drive over to the Colonial Drive-In where they sit in the car and drink coffee and eat nutburgers and Barbara coaches Bob on his lines. (Barbara with her great knowledge of acting always helps Bob with his scripts, both studio and radio, and will cue him tirelessly for hours on end. Miss Stanwyck was *Camille* a goodly three weeks before Miss Garbo was.)

Well, one Wednesday night recently Barbara phoned Bob that she was having dinner with a friend but would pick him up at the theatre at ten-thirty. Came ten-thirty and the rehearsal crowd went home—but there was no Barbara. A quarter of an hour later the doorman came

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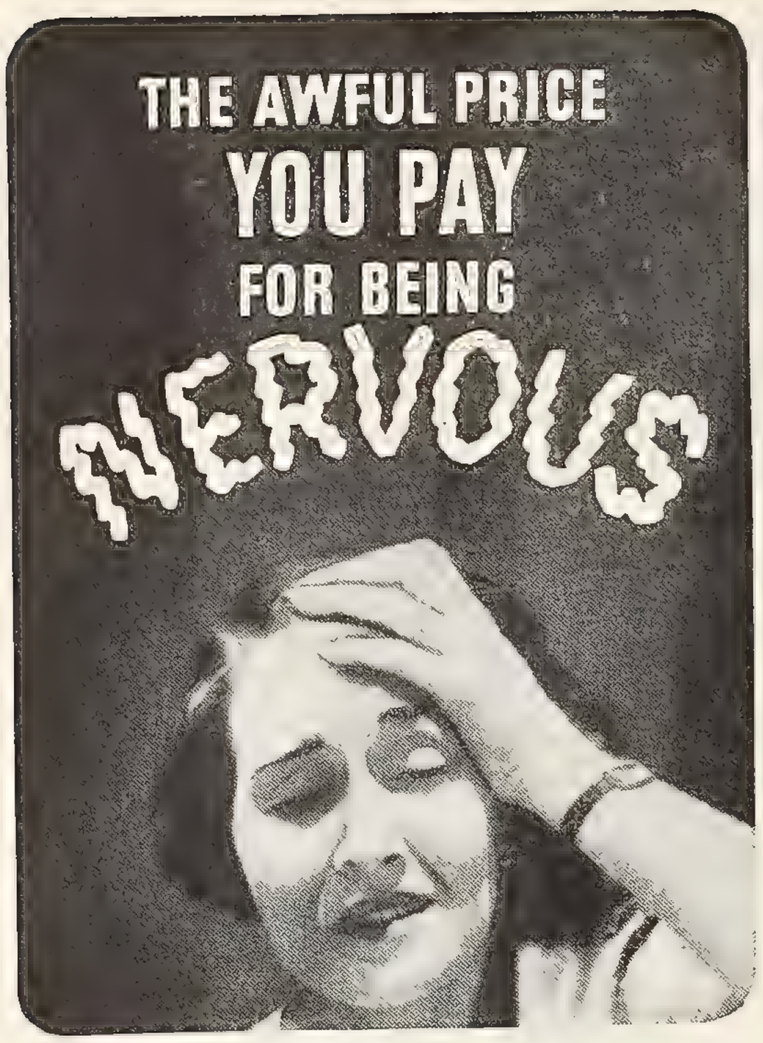


Here's why the O.G. package keeps 'em *fresh*

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The Inner Jacket Opens at the Top Sealing the Bottom

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around to lock up the theatre, but still no Barbara. It was quite a chilly night so Bob pulled up the collar of his overcoat and walked up and down in front of the theatre. Hollywood Boulevard, as you may or may not know, is the main street of Hollywood and the sidewalks were filled with people going home from the movies and into cocktail bars—but believe it or not, not a one of those people, the same people who tear and clutch at Robert Taylor when he goes to a preview or premiere, paid the slightest bit of attention to him. At twelve-thirty, exactly two hours late, arrived a very contrite Barbara. It was the fault of a watch that had stopped. Did Mr. Taylor rant and rail? He did not. He simply said he was glad to see her and let's hurry and get a cup of coffee. I don't know of any other movie star, or just a plain male for that matter, who would wait patiently for two hours out in the cold for a girl friend. It must be love.

While Bob was in England Barbara decided to decorate his ranch house for him, it is only a few miles from hers, and have it all ready to surprise him with when he returned. It is quite a small house, but just the same Barbara almost went crazy trying to furnish it. She who never tries to save a nickel for herself started pinching pennies for Mr. Taylor, Mr. Taylor who has far more money than she has. When a salesman asks Barbara five hundred dollars for a pair of candlesticks Barbara gives him five hundred dollars without a quibble. But when a salesman asks five hundred dollars for a pair of candlesticks for Bob—that's different. I have never seen anyone in Hollywood so determined to save Bob Taylor's money.

During the recent battle in the court over Frank Fay's right to see little six year old Dion, the boy that Barbara and her former husband adopted when he was a baby, Barbara would not allow Bob to go to court with her. He wanted to, he insisted upon it every day, but Barbara would not allow it. She would not subject him to those crowds of vulgar, prying people. It almost killed her when his name was brought into the trial while the sensation-seekers smacked their lips avidly. She was so afraid that it might hurt his publicity. But Bob Taylor wasn't worrying about his publicity. All right, he wouldn't go to court if she felt that way about it. But every day he would drive into Beverly Hills to the private school where little Dion is learning his multiplication table and stand outside until school was over, and then he would drive the little boy back to the ranch. "With everything else you have to worry about," said Bob to Barbara, "at least you don't have to worry about Dion being kidnapped." If you could see Barbara's eyes when she tells this you'd know how much it meant to her.

Little things? There are hundreds of them. Barbara had to dye her hair blonde for "Stella Dallas" but now at long last it has grown out its natural color again. "I like it natural," said Bob, so Barbara swears she will never change it again. Barbara, like most children of the theatre, is most sentimental, though she tries awfully hard not to show it. Bob, who isn't at all sentimental, has discovered Barbara's weakness, and never misses a chance to play up to it. Little presents for all the anniversaries, birthdays, the day they met, Valentines, etc. Recently he had a bracelet of little platinum hearts made for her—it simply drips sentiment.

Barbara's friends feel sure that Barbara would have married Bob last December when he dashed across an ocean and a continent to be with her on Christmas. "I am coming home to you," he cabled her as he caught the first boat out of England. And Barbara was that thrilled that she rushed out and bought a whole flock of new dresses, with fringe and doodads, and was most pleased to discover that she took a size smaller. "I'm Marlene Stanwyck," she said proudly. "Look, hollows in my cheeks. I hope Bob will like the New Stanwyck."

Christmas was fun. Dion was allowed to sit up late and repayed them for their kindness by ordering them to put out the fire in the big fireplace in the living room. They bundled up in sweaters to ward off pneumonia. Santa Claus was coming down the chimney. The next morning Bob drove over early with his presents, the Zeppo Marxes came for breakfast, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable dropped by, and everybody of course played with Dion's train. Then off to the races with Bob—the first and most exciting day at the Santa Anita track. (Later in court quite a point was made of the fact that Barbara had gone to the races on Christmas Day. That, it seems, made her a "bad" mother. No one mentioned of course that she had spent all of Christmas Eve and Christmas morning with him.)

But Barbara's laughter soon died away. Close on to Christmas came the Stanwyck-Fay fight in court over little Dion, a decision in favor of Fay, appeals, subpoenas, pictures in the newspapers, more and more humiliating publicity—and then just so everything would be hotsy totsy, her studio suspended her! Off-salary. A friendly suspension, they assured her, but they just couldn't keep her on salary if she turned down pictures.

Several months later, as we go to press, Barbara is still on that suspension. It's getting her. It would get any actress. When one of her horses won at the track the other day she flipped, "Well, I'm glad somebody in this family is working." She drives in to the studio at least once a week and sits in her dressing-room. "Just to keep in practice," she says. Flippant, wisecracking Barbara, but so dreadfully hurt.

"I want to wait, until I am sure," she has told people who ask her when she will marry Bob. And you might just as well try hurrying the tides as Barbara when her mind's made up. It is my personal opinion that she will not marry him any time soon—not until the legal battles and the suspensions are over. Not until little Dion is hers, and hers alone, and not until she is again the great actress on the screen that her friends know her to be. I can just hear Barbara the Square saying to herself, "I can't marry him now. It would look like a fright marriage. I'll wait . . ."

A waltz is much lovelier, and far more sentimental, than a rhumba.



Hands across the table! Gertrude Neisen and Jon Hall.

What Stars Are Slipping —and Why?

Continued from page 19

warned "better write your editors about doing stories with Robert Taylor" or "mark what we say, the biggest star since Gable is a'borning," or, as we walked about the lot, "look, *here comes Robert Taylor!*" Now, one of the infallible signs of a star slipping is when no one on that star's own lot ever says "look, *here comes—!*"

For when a star is slipping—ah, then, there is silence, the cruel silence of indifference for one who no longer "matters." No longer do the publicity departments urge these stars to make portrait sittings, home sittings, fashion lay-outs or any of the publicity requests which beset the birth of a star. A writer suggests doing an interview with a Dietrich and the publicity department counters "here's a swell angle on Lombard." *Then you know.*

But *why? How come?*

For how and why a star slips is a subject seldom analyzed. The letters on the stones that "mark the spot" are so seldom read as to be practically indecipherable. Yet there is one sign post so glaring, so significant in the lesson it teaches that we wonder all rising stars, all established stars do not tattoo its message over their hearts. It is this: *A star who slips, slips first as a human being!*

It may seem curious but it also seems true that the stars who are popular "at home," in their studios, among their fellow workers are the very ones whose popularity extends to the Box Office and beyond to those who buy their tickets at the box office. Popularity, like Charity, begins at home. It is like a small pebble thrown into a pool, the first small circle widening and widening until the world is encircled.

Cast an eye over the polls taken to determine which stars have been, and are, top money-makers at the Box Office; first or first ten in popularity and your eyes will open, or should: For in the years 1932 and '33 Marie Dressler topped the popularity lists; in 1934 the late Will Rogers. (Homefolksy folk, both of them). For the past three years the various polls give to Shirley Temple the undisputed first place. And then come the other top-ranking names of Clark Gable, William Powell, Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, Jane Withers, Jeanette MacDonald, Myrna Loy, Sonja Henie. These very names and what they stand for, says Hollywood, *tell the story.* The memory of Mary Pickford and her as yet unrivalled place in the sun of world favor and affection also tells a story.

For fashions in stars may change; *fashions in human beings do not change.* The qualities, the virtues, even the faults, perhaps, which make a man beloved at home, among his associates, with his townsfolk, are the self-same qualities which make him beloved for as far as his sphere of influence can reach. And they are, all of these ranking favorites, regular fellows. They are human, understandable, co-operative, and kind. They do not say they "tank they will go home;" they do not turn their backs on the public which has made them; they are good fellows under their glamor. They are your kind of folks, and mine.

And so, object lesson #1, the stars who slip, slip because they forget that old axiom, "I am a Man, therefore all that concerns Humanity concerns me." They slip because all that concerns them is their studio-manufactured selves. They slip because they are

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Benda masks, posturing; because they are egomaniacs; because they are Narcissists in love with their own images, indifferent to all else. They slip because they forget that they are workers with jobs to do, jobs which are interdependent with other jobs and because the stuff of which they are made eventually corrodes the metal of their stardom.

A star actually slips, of course, when he doesn't sell. A star slips when the consumer (the fan) prefers to pay his money to see a Myrna Loy instead of a Simone Simon; a star slips when the exhibitors put the name of a Gary Cooper above the name of a Jean Arthur on the theatre marquees.

Bill Powell once said to me: "We actors are like so many brands of soup put out by a manufacturer. The manufacturers of stars are, of course, the studios. The studio seasons us with the best condiments, i.e., stories, cameramen, sound men, production value; it advertises us, packages us as attractively as possible and puts us on the counter for sale. The counter being the box office. If we sell, fine. Then the condiments are increased both in quality and quantity, the exploitation goes on apace. But the instant the mulligatawny known as Bill Powell ceases to sell the brand is retired from the lists or disposed of in the less expensive packaging marked 'B' pictures. After all, the studio, like the manufacturer, is in business to make money. If one product doesn't sell, another must be pushed forward."

Again we say, but *why?* Let's consider a few of the cases about whom Hollywood is murmuring "Is she slipping, d'you think?" or "I hear he is on the skids . . ."

Hollywood is raising arched, interrogative eyebrows over "the strange case of Marlene Dietrich." There are those who say "Slipping? Dietrich *has* slipped!" There are others who say, as Don Ameche said to me on the set of "Alexander's Ragtime Band," just the other day: "They haven't even scratched the surface of what Marlene can do." There are those who will remind you that a lady with such lustre (and such legs) will be able to keep afloat above any waters of oblivion. It is known that she is in great demand on the air, that she was asked to do a musical comedy on Broadway; that M-G-M is "dickering" with Dietrich; that Paramount is asking her to "reconsider," to come home, with everything forgiven.

And when you ask what there is to "forgive" you are told that Miss Dietrich's pictures did not sell at the box office, that "Garden of Allah," "Desire," "Angel" failed to make money, "Desire" doing the best of the recent crop—perhaps, say the skeptics, because Gary Cooper was in "Desire"? You are told that Paramount spent an approximate million and a quarter on every Dietrich picture, some $7,000,000 in all during the term of her contracts with that studio. You are told that Paramount supplied her with the best stories they could procure and she would okay, that it was difficult to get a Dietrich okay on a story, on a director, a cameraman, the cast. You are reminded that they gave Marlene the best directors, Lubitsch, Frank Borzage and others; the best cameramen; the most lavish sets; *carte blanche* as to wardrobe—and that in spite of all this prodigal expenditure of time and thought and, dear knows, money, Miss Dietrich's pictures just did not "clean up" at the box office.

It is said that Paramount did not make "French Without Tears" with Miss Dietrich because, when she returned from Europe, she asked for an "advance" on the picture before production started, or else—that Paramount, already puzzled and discouraged, took the flung gauntlet and did not make the advance and so Miss Dietrich did not make the picture. Whether or no,



Janet Gaynor and Ramon Novarro, her host at a recent party.

Paramount and Miss Dietrich *did* come to a parting of the ways and, at this writing, Miss D. is still "in circulation" though, says Hollywood, it will probably not be long now.

Jean Arthur is among those about whom Hollywood is murmuring "Is she slipping?" All of these studio fights, "retirements"—but the consensus of opinion, gleaned from the various studios, seems to be "No." There is, in Hollywood, a definite respect for Jean Arthur. If she is touched with egomania, says Hollywood, it is a quiet egomania and it may, even, be shyness; if Jean, ill-advisedly it seems, stays off the screen, Hollywood credits her with believing that *she* believes in what she is doing, and why. And if she offends by her absence, at least she doesn't offend by her presence. She is reluctant, usually, to see the Press. But when she does receive the Press she does so courteously.

It is rumored that Nelson Eddy is becoming "difficult;" that he is testy on the sets, grudges giving interviews, bites the hands that fed him his first flattery and encouragement; that now, needing encouragement no longer, he thinks it is "all too silly"—in this very superiority may be found, often, the first seeds of slipping. For it is this superiority which makes those who are up forget, as Paul Muni once put it, "that those who go up, must come down." Nelson is well fortified, his voice gives him the radio, concert work and, indeed, the screen, too; and yet—and yet, warns Hollywood, "how are the mighty fallen!"

Luise Rainer has been mentioned, with a question mark. But Luise, we can tell you definitely, has really been ill, and is, even now, back at the studio again, the question answered. A strange, sensitive temperament, there is a lovableness about "the little Rainer," as Hollywood calls her, which would redeem her from any omission of diplomacy she might commit; and there is her great, Academy Award-winning performance in "Good Earth."

There is the Strange Case of Garbo: for the Great Garbo is no longer tops on the box-office listings nor, so far as we can discover, among the First Tens. But *Garbo is still tops with the foreign box office.* And no matter what a star's standing with the American box office may be, if popularity is maintained at the foreign box office that star still makes money for her studio. Such is the huge revenue made by our pictures in the countries to which they are freely admitted.

And there is this to be said about Garbo: she may not be beloved by Hollywood

because she hasn't given Hollywood a chance to know her; but she does have the respect, the profound respect, of her fellow players. Melvyn Douglas said of her recently, "She is the only one among us who is genius-touched." There are two major hob-nails which can do a lot to prevent a star from slipping; either he must be so beloved as a human being that the love of him becomes world-epidemic, or he must be so great in such great pictures that the greatness stands alone, a gift independent of the giver.

Garbo has turned her back upon the Public and the Press. Some natural resentment has been the natural result. It is doubtful whether those pens which are mightier than swords when it comes to piercing a star in a vital spot would rise in Garbo's defense as they would have risen for Jean Harlow, as they would rise today for Shirley Temple, for Gable, for Myrna Loy, and Spencer Tracy and Barbara Stanwyck and Don Ameche and Bette Davis. But resentment or no, Garbo has retained respect for her artistry, for her sincerity.

Sometimes, says Hollywood, stars are too intelligent, but not intelligent enough to conceal their intelligence! This is by way of being the theme of the swan-song Hollywood sings over such "cases" as Ruth Chatterton and Ann Harding, who "knew too much for their own good." Trained and skilful actresses, both of them, they just knew too much about too many things—and said so. Miss Chatterton, I've been told, was not satisfied with concentrating on her own brilliant performances; she must also advise the producer how to produce, the director how to direct, the cameraman how to focus. And the fault was a fundamental. For it has long been realized that if you pit a Little Darling with curls and baby-talk against a brilliant, intellectual woman, the Little Darling will usually come off with the Big, Bad Banker. And Hollywood is, remember, ruled by *men*.

Tyrone Power said to me recently, "Do you know what causes a star to slip quicker than any other one thing, in my estimation? It is when he starts to say *'I want'* instead of *'May I?'*" Out of the mouth of Hollywood's brightest boy comes this brief but penetrating analysis of the "Why" of slipping stars.

Hollywood, radio commentators, the Press have murmured of late that Joan Crawford's box office is not so bonny as it was: "Bride Wore Red," they sigh, *tck, tck;* "Mannequin," better, much better, Tracy in it, you know, but—A very wise man of Hollywood summed up the Crawford case very aptly, I think, when he said: "Joan made a mistake when she ceased to be a *dancing* lady and became a *grand* lady. For years Joan has been the darling, the heart of hope of millions of working girls everywhere. She epitomized for them, in her private life, in her work on the screen their own problems, their own possibilities. Now they hear, read, see with their own eyes than Joan is a Grand Lady and they feel that she is a deserter from the ranks."

It's dangerous, says Hollywood, for a star to change his "last." Myrna Loy soared to the highest Hollywood heavens as the wife of "The Thin Man," smooth, sleek, streamlined. And Myrna will, she declares, "be faithful to the *Thin Man* forever and a day, remaining forever, so help me, smooth, sleek and streamlined."

But Hollywood says, too, that Joan Crawford will retrieve any ground she may have lost. If she must go from sables back to sequins again, back she will go. Hollywood bets on Joan. Because Joan is, primarily, a worker. Joan is furiously ambitious. Joan has "changed her spots" more than once in the past, and will change her spots again, if necessary.

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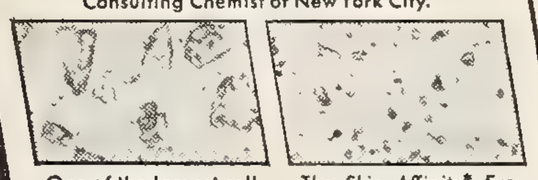


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Speaking of the slippery danger of a star changing his "last," Hollywood sighs that Bob Montgomery is an example of a star who dared a skid when he insisted upon playing the murderer in "Night Must Fall." Folks just didn't expect Bob to commit murders. Nice, old ladies write in complaining that they had thought of Bob as of their own sons, as a gay, pleasure-loving, pleasure-giving young man, gilded but gallant. Now he had gone and played a murderer and they felt as though their own sons had horribly betrayed their love and trust. But Bob, though he may feel badly about the little, lost old ladies, doesn't care so much about his place on the box office listings as he does about proving his ability to *act*. He said to me, "I have been shaking cocktails, a silly smirk on my puss, ever since I first came to Hollywood. I wanted to prove, to my own satisfaction if nobody else's that I can play other cute tricks." He proved it. He proved it magnificently. He scored an artistic triumph. And the satisfaction he derived from the critical appreciation of the appreciative critics far outweighs any regret he may feel at not being Number 2, 5, or 7 at the Box Office. "After all" he laughed, "am I a man or a number?" And it is said that Bob's studio stock has risen considerably in spite of the fact that "Night Must Fall" is not, I believe, a big money maker. The Front Office now realizes that there is more, much more to this glib young man than meets the pleaséd eye; that the hand that shakes a cocktail shaker can also shock the world.

Over the bright, incalculable head of Simone Simon Hollywood just shakes its head—when Simone is rumored to be "acting up," sassing the Press, Hollywood sighs as the adult does smile at the antic-young; and part of Hollywood moans "these foreign importations, why do they *bother* with them? Haven't we enough talent of our own right in our own 'B' pictures?" And others remind us that Simone is comparatively new at the game and her mistakes are, no doubt, those of a pampered and petted youngster so engaging that no one has the heart to administer the "rod" with, possibly, beneficial results. Simone has, also, been really ill. The court "rests its case" where Simone is concerned. And remembers "Girls' Dormitory" and has learned that she can sing, too, and hopes that the gifts she has to give will be given with a smile.

For the spoiled-child complex is, assuredly, one of the best and slickest ways for a star to place the skids under herself or himself. The studios pamper, protect, indulge, make-allowances-for their stars until the stars react, as spoiled children do. They "won't play;" they "sass back;" they have tantrums; they succeed in making themselves thoroughly intolerable to everyone until, in time, even their long-suffering parent-studios shoo them away.

There are those who say: "Oh, but the life-span of a star is only five years, isn't it? Perhaps that's why they slip; time, you know." But I *don't* know. Neither does Hollywood. For Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert, Wally Beery, Carole Lombard, Ronald Colman, Bill Powell, Spencer Tracy, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Bette Davis, Ginger Rogers and many others I could name have certainly been with us for five years, and longer. And what is more pertinent, they not only are *not* slipping but they are starring with more vim and vigor, bigger and better box office than ever before.

Stars slip when they cease to sell. And they cease to sell, says Hollywood, when their human qualities are such that glamor and make-up can no longer conceal from a disillusioned public men and women you would not care to know.

Autograph Menace Rouses Stars!

Continued from page 33

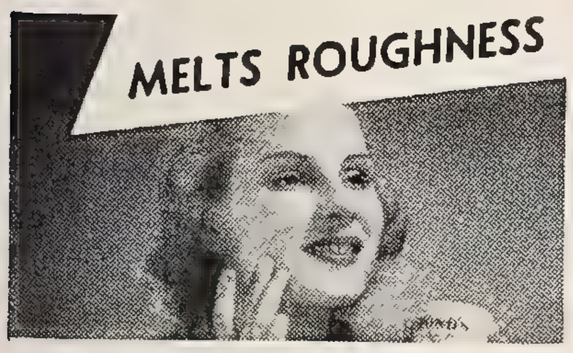
to a fault yet strong of opinion, did not hesitate to say: "Something ought to be done about a situation which has become no less than a menace, and I believe it will be done within a short time. I am particularly interested because, if I may say so, I originated the idea. It is to have the Screen Actors' Guild place on sale in shops and elsewhere stamped cards costing perhaps ten cents which may be sent to headquarters and then signed by the actor or actress whose autograph is desired. The benefit resulting from this plan would be two-fold. First, it would do away with the clamorous mobs that beset stars and all but tear the clothes off their backs; then it would create a fund to help less fortunate members of the profession. Far from being merely local, it is a change which would sweep the whole country and make itself especially felt in the large cities. Take New York. There the movie star may be called upon to face something even more disturbing than the autograph scramble. I know I was. At six o'clock for morning after morning I would be wakened by someone knocking loudly on my door. Finally I reported the matter to the hotel manager. On investigation he discovered that a woman guest was responsible for the inexcusable liberty she had taken. Asked her reason for waking me out of a sound sleep, she naïvely explained, 'I was after an autograph, but what I really wanted was to see how Carole Lombard looked when she was sleeping.'"

Edward Arnold was of the same mind and the same method. He said: "There's only one way to abate what has sometimes developed into a nuisance, and that is to charge ten cents for an autograph on a duly stamped card. This would create a fund for needy actors, and eventually, perhaps, make it possible to build a home for actors in Hollywood. Sending in cards to be signed would also save stars from being mobbed by autograph hunters. I urged this to be done by the Screen Actors' Guild last year, and I am now going to do so again. Nothing came of the first attempt for the reason that many of the two thousand actors in Hollywood like, and want, to give autographs, considering it good publicity. I myself believe it has advertising value in the sense that children who get signatures show them at home and talk about their favorites. But I definitely feel something should be done, and must be done, about present conditions.

"The actor never knows when he may be pounced upon. I was dining at a Hollywood restaurant one night when a tipsy lady got off her perch at the cocktail bar and toddled over to my table with a menu card. 'Mista' Arnold,' she said, 'I'm susha ardent admirer of yours I wancha to write somethin' nice and sweet on this mainyooh for me.' It was summer, so I wrote 'Happy New Year' and signed my name. She made a return trip to



A group of autograph hunters surround Franciska Gaal, center, who smiles and keeps them smiling as she signs for them at a recent preview in Hollywood.





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the bar, had a few more drinks, then swayed back, threw an arm around my neck, and gurgled, 'Now c'm on, Big Boy, an' gimme a good big kis!' That was a bit too large an order—you see, my wife was with me. At other times I have been called less endearing names, with insult added to impertinence. Once when I was leaving a radio broadcasting station on crutches—I'd hurt my leg—and could not possibly sign an autograph book its furious owner called me a dirty so-and-so. Naturally, that sort of thing is far from pleasant. What's more, I don't think it's right to hold up people who are leading busy lives. But there's a still worse side of the matter. Children hang around outside cafés, prize-fight arenas and other public places waiting to get autographs till all hours of the night. Parents should make it their business to see that those kids are where they belong—at home and in bed. The whole unrestrained practice of running wild after autographs has led to many evils that ought to be corrected."

Robert Montgomery laughed it off with: "It's just part of the game. Autograph chasers climb on my car, but they climb off again. It doesn't worry me, so long as I don't get writer's cramp."

Spencer Tracy, with characteristic directness, brought a personal experience to make his point: "One night my wife and I were in the dining-room of a San Francisco hotel where youngsters were having a high school party. And that wasn't all they were having. Spotting me, one shy little schoolgirl with more than a couple under her belt swung over our way, propped herself against the table, slapped down an album, and sang out, 'Give us your autograph, Spence!'" He raised expressive eyebrows, then drew them down with: "I can take it when we go out, but Mrs. Tracy dies. The way I look at it is that you can't afford to offend anybody. In this business you're not living exactly in a glass house, but you're certainly living next door to one. So you have to be careful about getting yourself in wrong with the autograph hunters. But that doesn't alter the fact that these kids today are over the fence and out."

Errol Flynn was quick to see a solution of the vexing problem: "There is a wonderful opportunity for charity in this autograph situation. A lot of people in Hollywood need helping, and here's a good way of giving them something to tide them over. If fame has its price, then surely a dime isn't too high a price to ask for it. Frankly, I don't think his name written in a book or on a card is worth anything at all to the actor. It's just a name. And it's most impersonal. One time when I'd given mine the collector asked for that of a friend with me. 'I'm not an actor,' he explained. 'That's all right,' was the reply, 'write down your name anyhow.' My only ambition in this respect, though one not unfailingly realized in my economic scheme of life, has been to give my signature to my landlord once a month. But if an actor can, by dashing off his John Hancock with a flourish, get a dime for it and that dime finds its way into a poor pocket, more power to his writing fist. To put autographs on a paying basis, even for sweet charity's sake would, of course, be bucking a tradition. That's tough, but I for one am ready and willing to have tradition get tough with me."

Bette Davis took it all in her stride and set forth: "Up to now I haven't written on a gentleman's shirt-front or a lady's bare back, but during the past five years I've probably scrawled my name across thirty or forty thousand autograph books, old envelopes, theatre programs, restaurant menus, table napkins, and parking tickets. The only time I ever object to giving an autograph is when I realize that someone is poking a book or a paper at me without having the faintest idea who I am. Others are asking for my signature, so the next one takes a chance and asks, too. When I feel a person is merely guessing at my identity I always ask whose name it is he wants. If he says 'Bette Davis's' I sign, but if he says 'Yours' I hand the book right back unsigned, for I know there is no honest admiration or friendship going to waste there. In Hollywood there is some dispute as to what particular star first replied to the question, 'Don't all these autograph hounds bore you to death?', with the comment, 'I'll be far more bored when they stop asking.' It was Richard Barthelmess who said that years ago while making a transcontinental trip on which he was asked for autographs at every station where his train stopped. I feel the same way about it, and accept autograph collectors as part of the routine of a successful player. They are straws in the wind, and though not vital to a player's success, perhaps, they serve as indicators of the direction in which a career is going. This is especially true of a screen career. I doubt if the average stage star, and for that matter even a really great one, signs a third as many autograph albums as the newest movie actress with a pretty face and the promise of making her mark. In any case, I hope to put off as long as possible the day when I'll no longer be asked to sign my name."

Loretta Young was of exactly opposite opinion, asserting: "I don't believe giving an autograph does a bit of good or means anything. As proof of this, I've signed the same book five times. It's all a terrific nuisance. And it's even worse in New York and Chicago than it is in Hollywood, with London worst of all. It can be cut down to a minimum only by adopting the plan of signing a stamped card for which the purchaser has paid a nominal sum. From the sale of such cards the money could go to the Motion Picture Relief Fund or any organized charity. But that plan never could be worked out successfully unless everybody agreed to sign no other cards or books. Frankly, I don't think fans care a rap about autographs. They just want to get near you and see you close-to. It's curiosity rather than admiration or affection. Here's an instance: One day when I got into a New York jam on Fifth Avenue one woman pushed through to the front and said, 'Now look up, Loretta, and let me see your pretty eyes.' Good heavens! I broke away and ran into Saks-Fifth Avenue, where one of the men in charge hid me in a storeroom. Anyway, it was all my own fault. Like an idiot, I'd put on some new clothes, wanting to look nice as I walked a block from my hotel to St. Patrick's Cathedral and never suspecting that anyone would recognize me. But after that I never set foot outdoors in the daytime without wearing my oldest duds and looking so plain that no one could possibly give me a second look.

"Of course, in the evening when I went to the theatre I had to dress up. Even then I didn't think anyone would pay any attention to me. But I no sooner was out of the theatre one night than someone yelled, 'There she is!' and the crowd made a rush for me, screaming for autographs. The man I was with hustled me off the sidewalk towards a taxicab that was crawling through the traffic. Although we could see the taxi was occupied, he pulled open the door, thrust me inside, and got in himself. Then a funny thing happened. I found myself plumped down between a couple of drunks. But they were remarkably pleasant about our unceremonious intrusion. 'Who've we the pleasure of meeting?' one of them inquired. When my friend replied, 'Miss Young,' the alcoholic gentleman on my right exclaimed, 'Not *Loretta* Young, the

movie actress!' Reluctantly assured on that point, he straightway enfolded me in his arms. Noting this hearty demonstration, his merry companion roared, 'Wait'll I tell Mary!' But sometimes it isn't quite so funny. In London one night the door of my car was half-wrenched off by a young fellow demanding my autograph. There was nothing to do but come to a stop. You can't drive through a crowd in any city without great danger not only to it but to yourself. Just suppose someone is hurt or killed and the cry goes up, 'That's a movie star's car!' Fury would seize that crowd and probably wreak itself on you.

"There's nothing so unpredictable as mob psychology. When people are in the stress of mass emotions you don't know if they're going to kiss you or hit you. But when they rush you for autographs you are in no danger, for as a rule they don't touch you. They are, on the other hand, dangerous to one another, and when the crush becomes too great someone's bound to get hurt. I'm never afraid for myself, but I am for them, so I usually try to lessen the risk they're taking by running away. Not that this is always possible. Once at a football game in New York I noticed the crowd in the stand apparently staring at something or someone beyond me, so I stood up to see what they were looking at it. 'Sit down,' said Bill Powell, who was with me, 'they're looking at you.' Well, the police had to get us out of the stadium, and as they were forcing a way through the crowd someone yelled, 'Why do movie stars come to football games?' Now I ask you. Like other human beings, we like to have a little fun. But handling autograph hunters is no fun. In the streets I'm always in deadly fear of children being hurt, or worse. Some day that's going to happen. Then mob psychology will turn vicious. Obviously, we should do everything in our power to guard against it. Aside from this threatening aspect, I believe the outrageous experience of Robert Taylor has made all of us see the necessity for self-protection. First of all, we should do something, and do it at once, to escape the autograph menace."

Preponderance of opinion freely and fairly expressed in this survey of the situation warrants but one conclusion: Action thus far has come wholly from autograph hunters, but now Hollywood stars themselves are going into action.

Glamor Master

Continued from page 51

a few yards of satin, and an exotic background. Also, they've outgrown phony emotions—the deep-dyed villain and obvious siren have faded out. Today, audiences demand sincerity, something that is real and honest."

For a moment, Mr. Lubitsch puffed his big black cigar in silence, then he went on. "Women are idealists, they live amid emotional reactions, and so, view pictures with their hearts. Men, being realists, see them with their minds. Too, for most men, love isn't necessarily the central theme of everyday life and they enjoy adventures, and comedy. Now," he added, with a grin, "that is the reason I am enthusiastic over 'Bluebeard's Eighth Wife,' for it has an abundance of romance—a glamorous, beautiful romance—and it is high-lighted throughout with comedy. Also, and this is very important to me, it is imbued with *charm*. This is an essence I try to emphasize in my pictures—an elusive quality that re-



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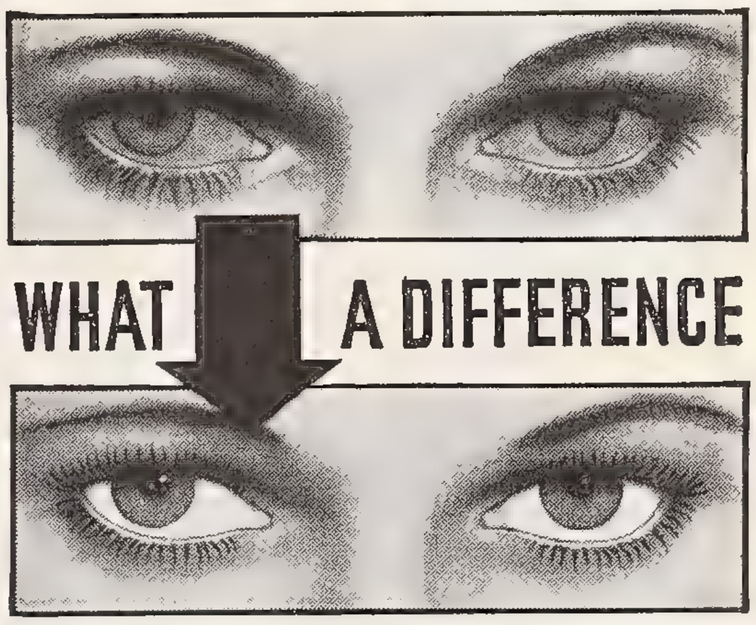


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fuses to be pinned into words, but which is a vital element in a picture's success because it stirs the imaginaton and arouses the interest.

"I enjoyed making this picture and it was a happy experience from start to finish, for all of us. I felt I had a sound story that could take a swift comedy tempo, and that contained emotions so universal that they would appeal to every audience. Then, my players were perfectly cast.

"Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper are favorite stars of mine, I've directed them in previous films; and Edward Everett Horton, who has been in every picture I've made during the past six years, is my favorite comedian. They are all individualists, they have escaped standardization and created personalities that intrigue the imagination because they offer something different, something novel.

"In my opinion," continued Lubitsch, "no one equals Claudette in screen comedy. Born with a grand sense of humor, she has developed an unique technique of her own which places her at the top as a comedienne. This, mind you, after she had proven herself an accomplished dramatic actress. I chose her for the rôle of the spirited French girl in 'Bluebeard's Eighth Wife' who tames her playboy husband, because of her comedy talents, and also, because she is the truest exponent of glamor in Hollywood—the sort of glamor the camera catches.

"Gary Cooper's uncanny sense of comedy values and his emotional resources made him the ideal hero. Unbelievably shy and modest, his occasional naïveté offers a surprise element that appeals to both men and women, but his outstanding characteristic is his honesty. Gary can't cheat. He must actually feel every emotion or he can't portray it. This gives him a peculiar power to make his audiences forget he is an actor and accept him as a man, living his part. Eddie Horton, with his rare gift for comedy timing, has never failed me. He catches every significant point in dialogue, gestures, and facial expressions, and wrings them dry. The young English actor, David Niven, was also in my cast and I was delighted with him. He has a definite place on the screen with his flair for light comedy and sophisticated drama, and his eloquence of speech. He spells breeding, culture and charm."

With these skilful players, the famous "Lubitsch touch"—that indefinable something that always distinguishes his pictures, crept into a number of scenes in the new film. He laughingly confessed he didn't know what this was, then modestly suggested it might be that he leaves as much as possible to the imagination. He likes to lead his audience to the very edge of an intriguing situation, then slyly close the door on it, leaving them to finish it—as they please.

The world is hungry for beauty, for romance—no one seems quite satisfied with his quota, and it is the responsibility of the director to make his audience thrill with the love scenes. Lubitsch says this is accomplished by establishing the illusion of a warm, intimate quality that makes every man believe he is the hero, and every woman throb with the heroine's emotions.

Men may be sharper in their mental processes but every woman has an unerring instinct to guide her. When Lubitsch is directing a feminine player, he first gains her confidence and studies her emotional reactions; then he has no difficulty in working out the scenes as he pleases.

I asked if foreign actresses, with their age-old traditions, had more mystery and glamor than our American girls. Vigorously, he shook his head, saying it was because their background was different and this tinged their manners and looks with novelty, which along with an accent, spelled anything we wanted it to spell. In Europe, the case is reversed and the American girls are considered super-glamorous, super-mysterious, because they offer a subtle novelty inherited from their background.

I asked him what made a woman "dangerous." He replied that it was the surprise element. If a woman looks or acts dangerous you are on your guard, but if she hides menace behind an angel face, and claws beneath sweetness, she may accomplish her villainy with a surprise attack.

He's a showman, this Lubitsch. He has several pet tricks he employs, and always he embellishes his dramas with adroit and intimate touches. Did you ever notice there is invariably a train or an airplane, arriving or departing, at some time in his pictures? *Why?* Because everybody is still secretly thrilled at the sight of trains and airplanes; they suggest adventure.

Usually, too, there's a grand corridor—this provides opportunity for a lengthy conversation which in a more static setting might prove wearisome; and a winding, picturesque stairway is his effective method for introducing a beautiful woman. And he adores pianos on the sets. Maybe this is his secret scheme so as to have a piano near at hand for him to play between scenes. He's a real musician, and versatile. His stubby, sensitive fingers glide over the keys and find the flame in a Viennese love song, then slide through a barbaric Russian dance, and wind up with a mad swing tune that starts everybody swaying to its rhythm.

Another significant thing is that Ernst Lubitsch never has a dumb woman in his dramas. To him, dumb women aren't amusing, or admirable. He enjoys a cast of clever people, suave and sophisticated—daring, perhaps, and living to the very hilt, but always observing good taste.

Now, he's planning a six weeks' European vacation, but he hastened to assure me it wasn't for rest, because making a picture is stimulating, not tiring. He likes to travel and visit new places, and enjoy new experiences. So, accompanied by Mrs. Lubitsch, he will explore the Mediterranean countries, then hop over to Egypt for his first glimpse of the Nile. And all the time he will be seeking new story material, new ideas to incorporate into his coming pictures.

The most thrilling experience a director can have, he told me, is when after months of concentrated effort, he finally sees his thoughts visualized upon the screen. If the picture clicks, there is a tremendous satisfaction; if it fails, it means heartbreak. There is no medium course in this business.

"Every new picture is a crucial adventure—a terrific gamble," said Lubitsch, his voice serious, but his eyes still twinkling. "But I love it because over it all is the magic spell of *drama!*"

"Bloody but Unbowed"

Continued from page 31

that Miss Hepburn didn't like her part in the picture. That day the worm turned! "Tell Miss Hepburn," said the producer, "to go jump in the Lake." And that, little kiddies, was the official end of the Threat scare. (Today if a star says, "I'll go back to the New York theatre," the producer merely smiles and says, "All right, I dare you to.")

At the beginning of the '37-'38 theatrical season a lot of Hollywood thespians who

have been storing away gold began to yearn for their "true love" again—and with the horrors of "The Lake" almost forgotten they returned to New York, once more to let their souls soar sublimely in artistic ecstasies, without any meddling from Sam Goldwyn. Not all of them actually got off. Robert Montgomery played with the idea of doing "Merely Murder," but he didn't. Paul Muni said yes, he would like to do a stage play, but instead he went to Europe. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone read plays, but finally decided to make their New York venture just a shopping trip. Claudette Colbert said I'd love to, but went skiing at St. Moritz instead. Irene Dunne said there is nothing like the thrill of walking home in New York after a performance, but she continued to do her walking in Holmby Hills without the thrill.

The stars who *did* get off in a fine flurry of excitement were Henry Fonda, Miriam Hopkins, Sylvia Sidney, Freddie March and Florence Eldridge, Charles Bickford and Frances Farmer. With the exception of Frances they were slightly less than colossal. The Eastern critics have had a field day. "So you thought you could act, did you?" And the Hollywood producers have had a good laugh up their sleeves. "So you came back to make pitchers, eh?"

Now, like the fond mother who doesn't mind boxing the ears of her own brats but will be damned if she'll let anybody else box 'em, I was as mad as a wet hen when I read some of those New York reviews. I fairly foamed at the mouth, and would have liked nothing better than grilled critics on toast for breakfast. Just because an actress or an actor happens to be a famous star in pictures doesn't mean that she or he can't act! As far as I can make out that seemed to be the chief criticism those smarty pants had against the film bunch.



White satin and Nan Grey make an ideal combination, don't they?

Of Fredric March and "Yr Obedient Husband" Mr. John Anderson of the *New York Journal and American* had to say, "Consider the plight of a Hollywood star returning to the stage, returning in person, without benefit of camera, or cutting room.

"What is the star to play? Shall it be a dazzling modern drama that will outshine the Malibu kohinoors? If so who is to write it? Where is it to be found? Shall he stumble over *Hamlet* and abrade his eminent shins, or shall he attempt a newly written costume play to feel easier in an air of careful artificiality, deadening the impact of the stage, so to speak, with a wig? . . .

"In this Mr. March decided on the third course, and appears as *Richard Steele*, with full bottomed wig, lace cuffs, knee breeches, buckled shoes, and other equipment of a London wit in the closing days of the reign of good Queen Anne . . .

"In fact it seems just a vehicle for a returning Hollywood star, elaborately costumed, and neatly fixed up for a personal appearance that will let the public see a favorite actor without the jolting impact of reality. But even such careful tailoring needs something more than a pleasant and willing performance if it is to be anything except a quiet excursion in the Tussaud waxworks.

Mr. Sidney B. Whipple of the *New York World-Telegram* has this to say of Henry Fonda in "Blow Ye Winds": "Mr. Fonda's performance left much to be desired. One wonders why there is a distinct pause at the end of each line. Is it deliberate, designed to permit the audience to catch up with the thought? The effect is jerky . . ."

But Mr. Leo Gaffney of the *Boston Evening American* has made up his mind to be big about Mr. Fonda. Says Mr. Gaffney: "Mr. Fonda's performance was a surprise to many. On the screen his playing tended at times toward the precious. In 'Blow Ye Winds' all traces of the star's film acting vanish."

Of Sylvia Sidney in "To Quito and Back" Burns Mantle of the *New York Daily News* has this to say: "Sylvia Sidney is a talented young woman within her sphere, but when she tries to take on emotional stature she has little to work with



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except a frown and suggestion of hurt pride. I can't believe she would be one to inspire a moody idealist of the Hecht breed." And we always thought Sylvia was one of our better emotional actresses!

And this, I think, will give you a rough idea of how Hollywood was received in New York this season. Mrs. Pat Campbell herself couldn't have been more scathing.

Neither Miriam Hopkins nor Katharine Hepburn would take a chance on throwing their little white bodies to the lions in the arena this year. Miriam, a clever actress if there ever was one, decided that the Theatre Guild's "Wine of Choice" wasn't all that she had hoped it to be, so she left the show in Pittsburgh; and Claudia Morgan, daughter of Ralph, stepped into the lead and took Mr. Behrman's newest play into Broadway, where it was received with great apathy. Of it a reviewer said, "In 'Wine of Choice' S. N. Behrman seems to have more on his mind than he has on the stage, which is an easy way to nurture a flop." Miriam is probably thanking her stars she left the cast before Broadway. As for Hepburn, a little something happened in Chicago last year that made her think twice before leaping. Brooks Atkinson of the *New York Times* went to Chicago to catch Hepburn in "Jane Eyre" for a Sunday column for his paper. And when Katharine read the panning he gave her it brought back all the cruel memories of "The Lake" and she wisely decided to deprive New York of "Jane Eyre" and spend the theatrical season making pictures instead. And a very good choice too, for not only was Hepburn practically abandoned by her "true love," the stage, but Hollywood was getting pretty tired of her too and her picture career was rumored at an end. But now, instead of a bunch of humiliating New York reviews, she has a sensational hit in "Bringing Up Baby" and once more the Hepburn film stock is soaring. Maybe she appreciates Hollywood—just a little.

Henry Fonda and "Blow Ye Winds" blew right off of Broadway after a few performances. But good old Hollywood was waiting with open arms and Hank walked into "Jezebel," opposite Bette Davis, which picture will be one of the hits of the spring. I do hope Mr. Fonda's acting won't be too "precious" for Critic Leo Gaffney.

Well, when I heard that Sylvia Sidney was back in Hollywood and doing a picture called "You and Me" with George Raft, and that Miriam had opened her hill-top home and informed her agent she was "available" for pictures, and that Freddie was reading screen scripts instead of play scripts for a change I thought to myself: Poor dears, how torn and bloody they must feel, how my heart bleeds for their injured pride. How humiliating to discover that your "true love" has betrayed you. They'll be sour, I said, they'll be so bitter about New York and critics that wormwood will drop from their lips. After all you can't expect the idolized gods and goddesses of Hollywood to be snubbed by Broadway and feel awfully gay about it! But I had a surprise coming to me.

How did they take their defeat? Like real sports. Not a bitter or a sour note could I find. When the Freddie Marches and Director John Cromwell discovered that the critics had gone thumbs down on their play they took the hint and closed at the end of six performances. But no sulking, no pouting, no excuses, no calling critics names. With rare good humor (and the Marches, they say, lost plenty of dough in the play) they took space in the advertising columns of all the Manhattan newspapers and had reprinted a cartoon from the *New Yorker* magazine—a cartoon which shows one trapeze artist dropping his companion and as his companion falls through the air he murmurs, "Oops—sorry." The cartoon was signed: Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and John Cromwell. It was a most graceful exit line. All New York thought it sporting and practically forgave the Marches for making pictures.

Neither could I discover any wormwood about Miriam Hopkins. "It was a lot of fun, really," said Miriam. "I adore Mr. Behrman and his plays but I simply didn't think the part in this play right for me so I left the cast before it went in to New York. No, I'm not at all discouraged. I have several plays in mind for next season. I love Hollywood now—I didn't used to, you know, but of course the theatre always has been, and always will be, my true love."

Sylvia Sidney was in a wonderful mood when I found her. "I haven't had so much fun in ten years," said Sylvia, "not since I played New York in 'Bad Girl.' There is something so exciting, so exhilarating about the theatre—you don't find that in pictures. Of course I'm going to do another play on Broadway next fall. I'll probably usher the season in again. As a matter of fact I may join a stock company in New Jersey this summer. I recently bought an old Dutch farmhouse surrounded by several hundred acres in Flemington, only an hour and fifteen minutes away from New York, and I hear there's a summer stock company in the neighboring town. I can drive over every night and put on greasepaint."

I have seen Sylvia, who is rather a tempestuous little person, fly into a beautiful rage when she read a panning given her by one of the half-baked Hollywood critics. So naturally I thought she would have plenty of acid remarks to make about the professional panners on Broadway — but Sylvia has changed, or something.

"Yes, some of the critics got pretty rough with me," said Sylvia with a smile, "but so did the fans. I was sitting in the Rivoli Theatre one night when the trailer for 'Dead End' came on the screen. Suddenly, following the beautiful New York skyline, there was a close-up of me. 'Huh,' sneered the woman next to me, 'there she is, crying again.' A week later curiosity got the better of me and I decided to see myself in 'Dead End.' You know I have a phobia about seeing myself on the screen, it makes me sick, that's probably one of the reasons I hate pictures and love the stage. Anyway, I was sitting there loathing myself when the woman back of me said to her companion, 'Look at her. What a deadpan! That's what Hollywood does to a person. No expression. A perfect deadpan!' From then on whenever I came on the screen she sniffed, 'Deadpan.' Finally when the lights came on after the picture the desire to be the grand Hollywood cinema star seized me and I turned around and stared at the woman. When she recognizes me, I said to myself, I will slap her down with something particularly crushing, and fill her with shame. She looked at me, straight in the eye, without the slightest sign of recognition, and turned to her companion once more and said, 'Sylvia has no emotion. A perfect deadpan.' Well, when your public doesn't even recognize you, you can't get grand with them!

"The New York critics? Didn't I hate them for their reviews? No—because in most instances they were perfectly right. Did I tell you about the evening I ran into Tallulah Bankhead at one of the night clubs? It was shortly after 'Cleopatra' had flopped. Sheila Barrett gave one of her famous impersonations of Tallulah and at the end of the applause Tallulah rose and said, 'Your impersonation of me is very cruel. But not nearly so cruel as George Jean Nathan's review of my play. But—you both are right.'"

Camera Record of Errol Flynn's Adventures

Continued from page 59

Errol picked up his Contax camera, but the scene went on again. While he and Rosalind wrestled with their lines, Mack Julian, still man and artist, continued the discussion.

"On a Contax," he pointed out, "speeds vary from ½" to 1/250". The focus is marked from F-2 to F-22. You can see what a wide variety of pictures you can get. The faster you shoot, the closer to F-2 you should be."

"What you really need is good luck," scoffed Errol, returning. "Look at these shots of my boat. Some of them are not bad, and all I did was point the lens at them. Naturally, they could be improved. I didn't know about filters when I got them—if I had, I'd have had cloud effects in the one with the horizon, and more detail in the Catalina shots.

"My favorite pictures are shots of fish. Wish I had some in this collection, but I can't find them. I'll have to take more. You know I'm heading for the Caribbean as soon as I get through with the picture. Don't know what the attraction of fish is, but it's there. I suppose it's the adventure of catching them."

"Excuse me."

This time it was the make-up man with a styptic pencil to stroke a cut on the Flynn throat.

"It's the element of luck that is attractive to me in taking pictures," he confessed. "I'm always hoping that by some freak of luck I'll get a perfect shot.

"I haven't patience enough to go in for arty stuff. Maybe when I'm old or crippled or something, I'll care about etching masks and those vague sort of prints with fuzzy outlines, where you can never be sure if it's a man or an animal. But right now, I can't be bothered.

"I like ocean shots. The sea is a good actor and can give you different moods or effects if you shoot the same thing day after day. I'd like to get storm shots, but when I'm out in my boat in a storm I'm usually too busy to think about cameras."

"Excuse me."

Now it was Mr. Cutiz, leading three palpitating young girls.

"The young ladies wish to meet you, Errol," announced the director, "they have some questions for you."

He rose, all charm. The three young ladies, aged under sixteen, stood before him, heads thrown back, eyes wide, mouths slightly open, adoring the star. They couldn't remember what it was they had wanted to know. They could only sigh and murmur: "Oh, *how* do you do?"

"Oh, high school girls!" smiled Mr. Curtiz, as they departed in confusion. "What a thrill! Oh to be able to thrill like that!"

"Oh, get along!" grinned Errol.

"Looking over these stills, I believe every one of them could be improved. The swimming pool at the Hearst ranch at San Simeon would have been improved by use of a filter, for the whites wouldn't have been so white or the blacks so black.

"The angle shot on my own backyard should have been given more exposure. The lion dogs should have been framed. You can go through them yourself and criticize.

"I rather like the LaQuinta shot, simply because that's exactly the way we saw it while we were there.

"But as I've said, I have no patience. I poke the camera out of a window or point it at something and—click!"



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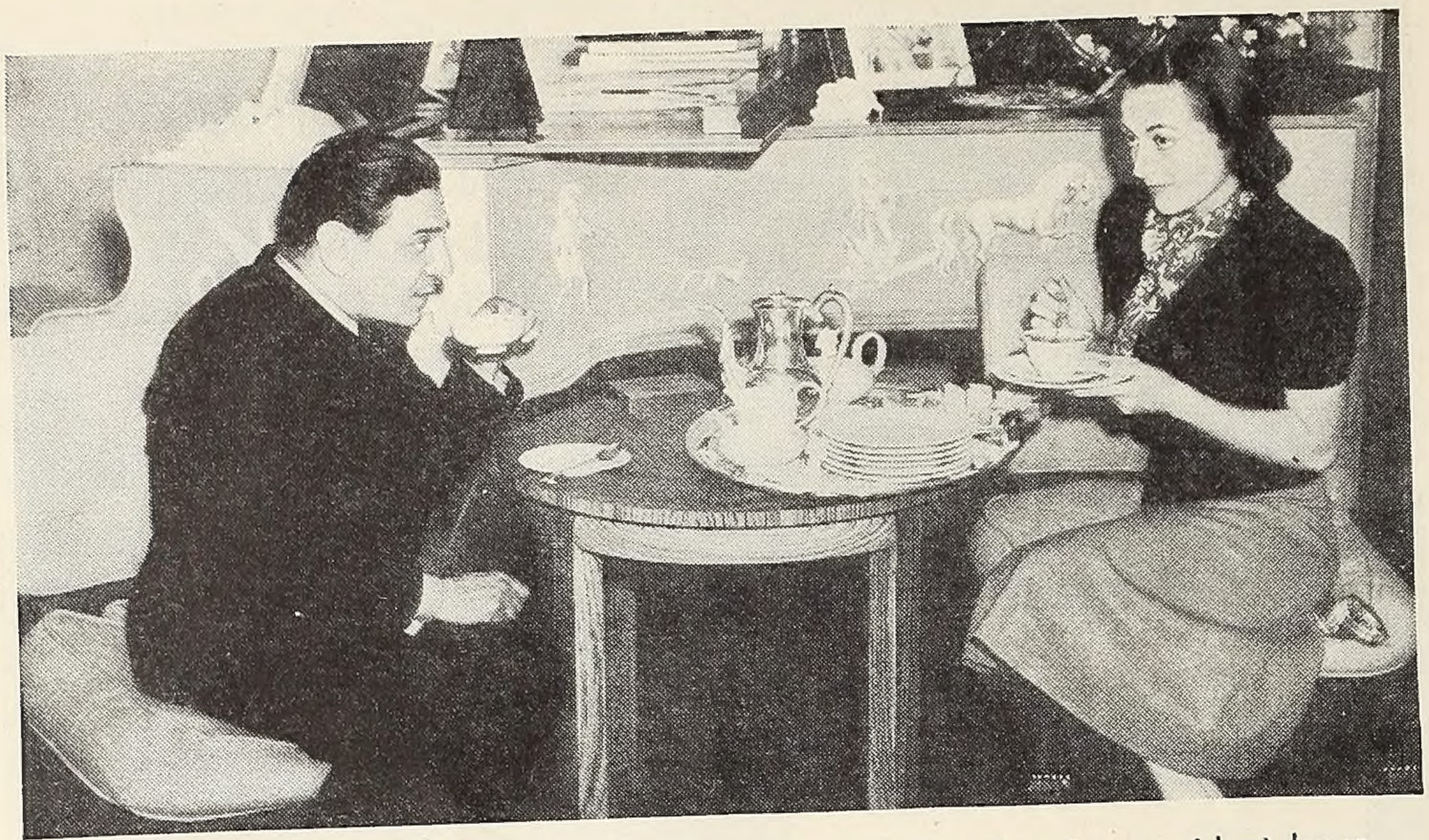
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Even Snakes Have Charm

Continued from page 57

THE STORY UP TO NOW

Marcia Court, extra girl, enrages a director by laughing when the star, Anne Barrett, trips and falls while acting a scene. When Anne, once Marcia's friend, tries to intercede for the extra, Marcia, bitterly resentful of Anne's success, berates her. Attracted by Marcia's fiery temper and strangely fascinating appearance, Phil Burns, publicity man, questions her. Though desperately in need of work; hungry, absolutely penniless, Marcia accuses him of merely trying to "date" her when he speaks of making a screen test. More than ever convinced this extraordinary girl has possibilities as an actress, Burns, despite Marcia's vehement hostility, persuades her to return that night for the screen test.

"Shut up! And then when you smiled at me I knew there would be rare moments when you could rise above the circumstances of your birth and make one forget —and that if you could only cease to act you would give a performance that would startle the world—simply by being your murderous self."

Marcia jumped to her feet. "Do you mean to insinuate that I'm not a lady!"

"A lady, Miss Court, need never bother to sell herself as such. The fact sticks out on her as clearly as the fact that you are an alley cat sticks out on you and, as such, you are, thank God, nobly suited to our purposes."

Marcia quivered with fury. "If I had a gun I'd kill you!"

"I believe you would," Phil agreed happily.

"Listen! You wanted to know why I laughed at Anne Barrett this morning. All right, I'll tell you. It's because I hate her! She and I worked together as extras and she has been given a success to which she isn't entitled, simply because she is English, while I, an American, with the ability to become a great actress, haven't had a chance.

"I came to her set today, not because I wanted to, but because I had to. But I'm glad I came. I got a good laugh at her expense, the English cow! And for that laugh I was fired and I didn't care if I never saw the inside of a studio again. But you asked me to come here and make a test and I took the check I received for today's work and rented this gown because I had nothing fit to wear. And then what happens? When I appear in a velvet gown it's a laugh. For Barrett it's all right, but for me it is ridiculous. She is a lady, while you infer that I am not!

"The money I paid for the rent on this gown was the very last cent I had in the world. I haven't eaten for two days and my room rent is past due and I'm to be kicked out on the street. But, believe it or not, I'd rather die in the gutter than have a starring contract in the finest studio in Hollywood after this night's experience!

"I came here at your invitation, to make a test, thinking that despite your bad manners, you might still retain some of the characteristics of a gentleman. But no! You've done nothing but ask me insulting questions and offer nasty insinuation about my parentage, of which you know nothing. If I were a man I'd knock you down, but being only a woman I'll do my feeble best."

Marcia hit Phil in the face with all her strength, then slid to the floor in a dead faint. The little black-haired electrician rushed to her side. But to Phil and Swing the fact that Marcia had fainted was of no moment. The one thing that held them enthralled was her tremendous personality, her sensational artistry in her peculiar way. They looked at each other in a moment of stunned delight, then started to grin as they extended hands to shake in mutual congratulation.

"Phil, you've found something."

"I think I have, and I hope she doesn't go and die on me before I can fill her full of food and sign her to the tightest contract any Hollywood flesh peddler ever saw!"

. . . . .

Marcia's cocktail room was an attractive place, done in soft tones of cream and green. There was a sensible amount of comfortable lounging furniture placed around with a careless grace and, unobtrusively, a small chromium trimmed bar on the east side. At the western exposure long windows opened to a terrace banked with palms and shrubbery.

There was nothing Hollywoodish or motion picturish about this pleasing setting for the film colony's newest, strangest, and most sensational woman star. The reason for this, one instinctively felt, was that someone had had the good sense to leave it all to the excellent taste of an interior decorator of the better sort, rather than to any inspiration on the part of Marcia. And one wished that an equally discerning judgment might have been used in the selection of her too elaborate house dress; or that, still further, the graciousness of the room could in some manner have been imparted into her make-up.

However, watching her as she viciously dialed a number on the telephone while glaring at a copy of the *Hollywood Reporter*, one felt this was hoping for rather too much, and that the eighteen months of amazing success which were behind her, hadn't changed her materially, either on the surface or from within.

"Hello, hello . . . this is Miss Court . . . I wish to speak with Mr. Swing . . . hello, Walter . . . have you seen the *Hollywood Reporter* this morning? . . . Then I'll read it to you. . . . Get a load of this: 'Which leading woman is doing a contract holdout? And why? This is the story: Of late Hollywood has been going London in a large way. That is to say a great many of Hollywood's big shot stars and leads have gone to London to make pictures. Not a bad idea at all. In fact a delightful way of taking a sea voyage, of broadening one's outlook, and improving one's mind, to say nothing of increasing one's prestige in the picture world, and all at the studio's expense. Which brings us to the holdout leading woman. It seems that everyone has been to London but her. And is she burned!"

Marcia paused for breath, then "Damn them! . . . All right, you'd be burned too." She continued reading: "It's all too, too bad. With this obsession to be the lady and make pictures in London, this leading woman is holding out on signing her new contract with the studio and her publicity agent, insisting that she be allowed to select her own stories from now on. The agent who discovered her and so carefully builded her alley cat prestige is in quite a state, the studio is in a lather and the young lady is frothing at her beautiful mouth, but is proving a stubborn holdout.

"'The fact that all three are reaping a golden harvest from her excellent characterizations of hard-boiled hussies means nothing to her. Her reply to that is let her select her own stories and she will be that much greater. Perhaps, but our guess is there will be plenty of fireworks before this thing is settled.'"

Marcia slammed the paper on the floor. "And don't think there wont! . . . What! . . . Oh yes, calm yourself! . . . Phil is on his way over here with the new contract. . . . No, no, of course I won't sign it until you've seen it. . . . All right, darling, come over as soon as you can . . . 'bye."

Marcia banged up the phone as the butler entered.

"A gentleman to see you, Miss Court."

Somewhat calmed, Marcia demanded, "A gentleman, Griggs?"

Griggs smiled, faintly supercilious. "Perhaps I was being a trifle optimistic for courtesy's sake."

"Well, who is he?"

"He says he's from your home town and that he knew your father and mother very well."

Marcia paled. "What does he look like?"

"Rather nondescript, middle-aged, small and quite pleasant, though, if I may say so, annoyingly subservient and ingratiating in his manners."

"Did he give his name?" Marcia asked in a half-whisper.

"He said he was a Mr. Butch—Joe Butch," Griggs explained with a show of distaste.

Forgetting Griggs: "Butch! Oh my God!"

"Shall I send him away?"

"Yes! No, have him come in, and see that we are not disturbed."

"Very good, Miss Court."

(To Be Continued)

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